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THE REPUBLICAN.

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Relief in Coal Famine is Looked for Hourly

Expect Order Today to Divert Sevesal Cars from Curtin.

DISTRESS HERE IS ACUTE

Bellefonte School Compelled to Close Owing to Lack of Fuel Many Homes are Cold.

Orders are looked for any hour from State Fuel Administrator Potter to Harry Keller, County Fuel Administrator, to divert for use in Bellefonte several of a large number of cars of bituminous coal on a siding at Curtin. The 27 cars of hard coal on the Curtin siding for two weeks were moved this week.

The new High school building in Bellefonte was closed today owing to a lack of coal. The red brick building was able to continue today, but unless coal is received by tonight both buildings will be closed tomorrow. the Coleville school was closed today. Pleasant Gap and State College schools have not closed.

Bellefonte and surrounding sections are expertencing a coal famine the like of which was never known before in all this community. This situation, with freezing weather prevailing for some time past, has precipitated extreme distress in homes and seriously crippled business of all kinds. All coal yards in Bellefonte were virtually cleaned out Tuesday night. The Bellefonte Light & Heat Co., operating the steam heating plant, was completely out of coal Tuesday noon and managsd to keep the plant going on a reduced scale only by hauling coal to Bellefonte from the Milesburg brick works.

Summed up, the situation in Bellefonte for forty-eight hours or more has been this: No coal on hand, orders for a large number of cars placed, but no coal in transit so far as dealers could ascertain. The condition existing in the Bellefonte coal yards, as revealed by a canvass made by The Republican, follows :—

Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co.—No anthracite coal on hand and bituminous supply exhausted Tuesday night.

H Winton & Son—No bituminous coal; small quantity of anthracite on hand, but not one-third enough to fill orders on the books.

McCalmont & Co.—Small quantity of buckwheat coal; no bituminous.

Had it not been that J. L. Montgomery, of the Pennsylvania Match Co., diverted on Tuesday part of a car of bituminous coal from that company to the Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co. the latter yard would have had no soft coal after noon of that day, although scores of persons besieged the yard with orders. For a week or more the yard had taken care of many homes by delivering a basket of chestnut coal at a time, but no more. Tuesday night found the yard barren of all kinds of coal except a small quantity of bituminous which Mr. Montgomery put aside for the Bellefonte hospital. During the past month the yard had furnished upward of one thousand tons of bituminous coal to the Bellefonte Light & Heat Co. That plant's expected deliveries failed to materialize and the local yard rendered such assistance as it could. No preparation had been made by the yard to assist the steam heating plant, however, and the coal turned over to the latter thereby depleted the stock accumulating and as a result the present week found both coal yard and steam plant exhausted.

Meanwhile hundreds of cars of coal are lying on railroad sidings, seemingly within the grasp of thousands of persons needing it so badly and yet denied them because of the worst railroad congestion ever witnessed. The bituminous coal region of Snow Shoe might as well be twenty thousand instead of just twenty miles distant from Bellefonte so far as relief in the coal famine here is concerned. On the railroad siding at Curtin's Works are upwards of twenty-seven cars of anthracite coal, tied up there for two weeks or more, and at the same time all surrounding sections have been barren of hard coal. This coal is consigned to parties west of Tyrone, on the main line, and has been tied up at Curtin's Works by the general railroad congestion. Miles and miles of sidings between here and Pittsburgh are crowded with cars loaded with coal, but for some reason this congestion has not been broken.

On Monday the Bellefonte coal dealers went in a body to Harry Keller, fuel administrator for Centre County, and placed before him the facts of the situation here, also furnishing him with the names of operators with whom they deal and data as to orders for coal now long overdue. Mr. Keller in turn forwarded this information to William Potter, of Philadelphia, State fuel administrator. Up to Tuesday night no word had beeu received from the latter. Mr- Potter must submit all such reports to Mr. Garfield, national fuel administrator at Washington, although he is empowered by an order issued on Monday to seize or divert coal for cases where it is needed most.

Grateful Appreciation.

The editor of The Republican extends New Year's greetings to our readers and expresses personal appreciation to each and every subscriber who so kindly made remittance in the last few weeks. To the many who were too busy around about Christmas time to bother with the matter we make a special appeal that they make remittance for subscriptions now. Start the new year by helping us and we will continue to appreciate it all through 1918. All who made payments are requested to examine the date on the label and errors are found to notify us at once. Corrections will be made cheerfully.

An Old Industry to be Revived.

Wallace White, of Axe-Mann was among the pleasing callers at this office Monday afternoon and in conversation he informed us that he had just closed the deal whereby he came into possession of what is known as the Humes' flouring mill at that place. It was owned by A. Hirsh, a prominent business man of Philadelphia, and is one of the best sites for a flouring mill in this section of the county. At one time it was one of the principal industries of this vicinity but about eighteen years ago it was practically dismantled. The last man who operated it was Reuben Kaup, of Bellefonte, now in the employ of Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. At that time it contained old-styled machinery which will be supplemented with the most practical and up-to-date roller system together with a grinding mill for making feed of all kinds. Mr. White says the large stone mill is in good condition except the windows. There were seven hundred panes of glass in the sashes which have all been broken out except seventeen panes and it is quite a job to replace them.

Mr. White formerly followed well digging and made a great success of it. He, however, has decided to abandon that kind of work and devote his entire time to the milling business. He expects to have everything in operation by the 1st of April. Electricity will take the place of water power which was formerly used. To run the mill it will take about 55-horse power motor, thirty five of which will be used to operate the rolls and twenty the grinding mill. In this way he need not run the entire mill if not necessary. The mill is a substantial stone building and makes an excellent appearance from the State Road. Mr. White is a man of energy and determination and has never undertaken anything that proved a failure and there is every reason to believe that this undertaking will also prove a success. He is a pleasant, courteous gentleman and all who may do business with him will be given a square deal.

A Grand Success.

Mrs. Salo Friedewald's reading of "The Wolf of Gubbio," for the benefit of the Red Cross, under the auspices of the Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., in the Court House last Saturday evening, December 29th, was a signal success from the point of view both of the material and the artistic.

Thirty dollars was the amount cleared for the Red Cross, but this sum was by no means all of the benefit accruing. Rapt in attention from the beginning of the brief history of the play until the end of the reading of it the audience enjoyed a simple elucidation of truths, truths eternal, as applicable to life in Bellefonte now as to that of the Italian village of Gubbio in the days of St. Francis of Assisi.

A Brilliant Success.

Thursday, Dec. 20, marked the close of the Educational Jubilee campaign of Central Pennsylvania Methodism for $450,000 in behalf of the Methodist educational institutions of the district. It was a thrilling campaign, but it is gratifying to know that it was marked by success.

The reports show that the sum had been oversubscribed, amounting to $455,586, with subscriptions for $75,000 for Dickinson College and $10,000 for Dickinson Seminary from outside of the conference.

MR. AND MRS. F. P. GREEN HAVE 60TH ANNIVERSARY

Esteemed Residents Receive Hearty Congratulattons.

BOTH IN GOOD HEALTH

Wedding Solemnized Three Score Years Ago at Lewisburg—Of the Sixteen Persons in Attendance but Three Are Living.

Enjoying particularly good health and surrounded by members of their family and a host of kindly friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. Potts Green, of Bellefonte, on Thursday of last week informally celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. They were the recipients of the warmest congratulations and good wishes, many persons calling to pay their respects and others sending written messages in remembrance of the happy occasion.

Golden wedding anniversaries are rare events, and sixtieth anniversaries are even more rare, and while Mr. and Mrs. Green are among the comparatively few to be so fortunately privileged, they carry their years lightly and are blessed with better health than many who are much younger. The felicitations extended on their sixtieth wedding anniversary bore testimony in some small measure of the high esteem in which they are held in the community they have honored and which in the eventide of their life now so deservedly honor them. Mr. Green is nearly 84 years old. Mrs. Green is about the same age.

Of the sixteen persons who comprised the wedding party of sixty years ago there are none surviving today but Mr. and Mrs. Green and John P. Harris, treasurer of the Bellefonte Trust Co. The wedding was solemnized at 7 o'clock in the morning at Lewisburg. The bride was Miss Sarah C. Harris. The officiating minister was Rev. Isaac Green, of Mifflinburg. Mr. Green and his attendants drove from Bellefonte to Lewisburg for the wedding. The weather underwent a radical change while they were en-route and a part of the trip was made in a carriage and the remainder in a sleigh. The Green residence on Linn Street was one of the first to be erected in that part of town, then virtually a wilderness. Mr. and Mrs. Green have resided there ever since.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Howard H. Woleslagle	Milesburg	
Alvin Mary H. Lauck	Snow Shoe	
Calvin S. Garbrick	Mingoville	
Gertrude M. Zimmerman	"	
Charles M. Miller	Centre Hall	
Margaretta Tressler	"	
Mahlon Reynolds	Philipsburg	
Matilda Bean	"	
Stewart M. Breon	Millheim	
Esther E. Stover	Woodward	
James H. Fetzer	Runville	
Marjorie B. Eckley	Bellefonte	
Raymond E. Wakely	Meadville	
Ruth E. Homan	State College	
Harry H. Rice	Bellefonte	
Lillie L. Lucas	"	
Maxwell Harshberger	Altoona	
Kathryn C. McCool	Spring Mills	
Wm. M. Duck	Millheim	
Lula M. Hackman	Rebersburg	
James E. Stover	Bellwood	
Edith M. Umpstead	Montgomery	
George J. Bohn	Lemont	
P. Ruth Yarnell	Boalsburg	
Wm. H. Johnstonbaugh	Niagara Falls	
Rachel J. Scanlon	Axe Mann	
Raymond Van Ingen	Brooklyn N. Y.	
Jeanne D. Robertson	Philipsburg	
Chas. C. Workman	Mingoville	
Bertha Myers	Avis	
Lawrence Kormanee	Clarence	
Betty A. Smitsko	"	
Stephen Palenkas	Clarence	
Mary Bussalla	"	
Joseph Lorick	Bellefonte	
Mary Matis	"	

Had Hard Sledding.

Emerick's motor bus that runs between Bellefonte and Milesburg, couldn't have had more sliding around the last ten days if it had runners on The road has been so icy that it was almost impossible to make the conveyance stick to the road. On Friday before Christmas the car turned over on its side and Miss Mary Hibbler, of Milesburg, and several others were pretty badly shaken up, but fortunately nobody was injured. Later the bus run into the ditch along the road and it was necessary to secure an auto truck to pull it out.

Advertise in the Republican.

CENTRE CO. SOLDIERS RECEIVE X-MAS GIFTS

Capt. Curtin Writes That Every Man Was Remembered.

THANKS ARE EXTENDED

Boys in Training Camps Express Appreciation for Christmas Boxes—Difficult Task Locating Troopers in New Regiments.

The Centre County soldiers now in camp who received Christmas gifts from the folks back home express grateful appreciation in a letter received a few days ago from Captain H. L. Curtin. The letter follows :—

Camp Hancock, Ga., Dec. 18, 1917.
To the Woman's Club, Bellefonte, Pa.

The seven boxes containing the Christmas presents for the Troop and the Hospital Corps arrived safely, and were this week distributed to the different men in their new assignments. This was a big job, as some of the men are in the 108th and 109th Field Artillery, 103rd Regiment of Engineers, the Signal Battalion, Military Police, Veterinary Corps, the U. S. Arsenal, in Augusta, and the new Mechanics Regiment, but everybody was located and I feel very sure no one was missed.

If you could know with what great pleasure the men received these boxes and how delighted they were, you would all feel well paid for your trouble and work in this big undertaking, for it must have been that. To solicit and pack such a large number of boxes was wonderful indeed.

Every man wishes to express to the Woman's Club his appreciation of this generosity, and I feel sure that each one feels that in making this military effort, he will repay in a measure these many kindnesses and keep fresh in his mind his loyalty to Centre County and our County.

With many thanks and with the very best Christmas wishes for all the members of your Club, I am,

Very truly yours,
H. L. CURTIN.

CHEESE FACTORY.

To be Started Within a Short Time at Axe Mann.

A couple of weeks ago two Greeks from Niagara Falls came to Bellefonte for the purpose of selecting a site for a cheese factory. After looking around at several locations they leased the red store room at Axe Mann formerally occupied by Harry Harter as a store. It is a building 20x60 feet, over the creek from Bryans store. The other day three more Greeks arrived and are getting the building in shape so that when the tubs and other machinery comes it can be placed in position very quickly as they desire to start operations just as soon as possible.

They will manufacture about five different kinds of cheese and for the present it will take about one thousand gallons of milk a day. Just at present a team will be put on the road to gather the milk and later an auto truck will be used. The gentlemen in charge are practical men and they are very much enthused over the present prospect of making a success.

Bohn—Yarnell

On Monday, December 24th, at the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg, Rev. S.C. Stover united in marriage George J. Bohn, of Lemont, and Miss Ruth Yarnell daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Yarnell, of Boalsburg. For sometime the groom has been employed in Ross's store at Lemont and is a fine and progressive young man. The bride is a most excellent young lady and their many friends extend to them their heartiest congratulations.

Breon—Stover

Stuart M. Breon and Miss Esther Stover of Millheim were united in marriage on December 23rd, at the home of Robert Breon at State College. The ceremony was preformed Rev. W. H. Traub in the presence of a number of friends. The happy young couple will make their home in Millheim where the groom is employed.

Shawley—McCartney.

On Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1917, at the Reformed parsonage, Bellefonte. Blair L. Shawley and Miss Agnes Ms McCartney, both of Fairview, were married by the Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt. The best wishes of a host of friends follow the bride and groom on their journey through life.

SMALL-POX SCARE

Victim of Disease Arrived Here from Akron, Ohio, Last Week.

Sunday evening before Christmas there was a hum and bustle at the P. R. R. baggage room, Bellefonte, when manager "Joe" Undercofler discovered that there was a satchel in the room that came from the hands of a small-pox patient. John Curtin, who has charge of the State Health department at Bellefonte, was quickly notified and he at once ordered policeman Harry Dukeman to fumigate the place, and with the aid of Mr. Undercofler they did it up to perfection. So thorough was it that it would have killed a mouse had it stuck its head inside the door while the fumigation was in action.

The cause of all this commotion was the coming home of William Schreckengast who arrived in Bellefonte Friday afternoon on the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer. He had a suit case which he left in the baggage room, taking a parcel check and then disappeared. It was afterwards learned, his father, Mr. Schreckengast, met him and took him to his home near Zion. It was also discovered that Dr. Samuel Dixon was after him for traveling over the State in crowded railway trains when he knew he had the small-pox. He was employed at Akron, Ohio, and became ill. A physician was called and the case diagnosed as small-pox. It is stated that he was to be taken to a small-pox hospital but instead of heeding the injunctions of the authorities in Akron he left that city for home on the night of December 20th, reaching Pittsburgh over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. From there he went to the Pennsylvania railroad station and on the following morning left that city on the crowded Pennsy-Lehigh flyer for Bellefonte, coming in contact with hundreds of people. As stated from Bellefonte he went to his home.

When it became known that he was a small-pox patient he was placed in charge of health officer Benjamin Aikey who resides at Milesburg. It was his duty to quarantine the house and see that the patient remained there. Schreckengast claimed that he was not ill enough to remain in the house and according to the stories he took a gun and went hunting on his father's premises. For fear of his getting away Mr. Aikey has placed three guards around the house with instructions to make him obey should he show any signs of desiring to run over the neighbor-hood or escaping. It is said that Dr. Samuel G. Dixson, State health officer, has ordered that just as soon as the quarintine is lifted he is to be arrested and tried for breaking one of the strictest health laws of Pennsylvania. The whole thing might have been thoughtlessness on the part of Mr. Shreckengast but that will not be a sufficient excuse for him subjecting so many People to the terrible and noxious disease.

Osceola's Big Fire

Early Friday morning Osceola was visited with another big conflagration that wiped out the main business block, the loss of which is $50,000. An overheated furnace in the basement of the Odd Fellows building caused the damage. The Odd Fellows building was a three story structure, the first floor being occupied by merchant John Dempsey. When the foundation of this burning structure gave way the blazing timbers toppled over on Arthur Baird's home. From this propery the flames spread to Leshe Baird's pretty residence and in a short time the entire house was a seething mass of flames. Justin O'Brien a young man from Osceola, was knocked from one of the houses and seriously injured. He was taken to the Philipsburg hospital.

Purchased Republican Building.

The Beatty Motor Company, which has the Ford agency in Bellefonte, on Monday purchased the building occupied by The Republican printing and publishing establishment, and also the garage in the rear operated for some months past by Norman Wright. After April 1st the Beatty Company will make extensive repairs to The Republican building.

John D. Sourbeck, the confectioner and green groceryman, left Bellefonte Christmas night for New York City to visit his daughter, Mrs. Bellringer and Joseph Sourbeck, a member of Uncle Sam's navy, who spent a short time at the Bellringer home during Christmas. Before leaving "Johnny" left a card in the window stating that he was going to have a good time for ten days and the store would be closed for that period of time.

A report that D. O. Downing, of Martha, has been pardoned was denied today at the Rockview penitentiary.

COL. "TERRY" BOAL TELLS OF VISIT TO TRENCHES

Enthusiastic in Praise of U. S. and French Soldiers.

CONFIDENT OF VICTORY

Informal Narrative of Recent Trip Abroad Given at Elks Club House—Future Historians Will Relate Glory of France.

Colonel Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg, gave an informal talk at the Elks club house a few nights ago in which he related graphically his observations on his recent trip to the trenches in France. Those who were privileged to hear his recital of the trip abroad and of some of the things he saw on the battlefields in France were deeply impressed with the wonderful work being accomplished by the Allies in the war with Germany. That eventually victory will rest with the Allies is the firm conviction of Colonel Boal, based on what he was able to observe and also on his knowledge of the plans of the United States since it entered into the world-wide conflict.

With his personal associations so intimately identified with France, Colonel Boal quite naturally expressed himself most enthusiastically in praising the wonderful bravery of the French soldiers. It will remain for future historians, he remarked, to tell the true story of how great a factor France is and has been since the beginning of the war. That the American soldier will rank with the very best once the United States is actually on the firing line was confidently predicted by Colonel Boal.

During his visit to France Colonel Boal was afforded opportunities to observe the British and French armies in the midst of battle and at times he saw German shells explode close by the trenches of the Allies. His trip was made with General Clement and other American officers.

Wakely—Homan.

Christmas morning at 11.30 o'clock Raymond E. Wakely, of Laceyville, Pa. and Miss Ruth Homan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Homan, of State College, were united in the bonds of matrimony. The nuptial event took place at the home of the bride in the presence of quite a large circle of relatives and friends, the officiating minister being Rev. W. H, Traub pastor of the Lutheran church. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bouse, of Altoona. The bride was prettily attired in a gown of white silk crepe de chine which was very becoming.

Following the ceremony there was an informal reception and a bridal luncheon. At 1 30 o'clock the newlyweds left by automobile for Lemont where they took the train east for Laceyville and other points of interest. Friday they returned to the Homan home at State College and on Saturday left for Meadville, where the groom is interested in State agricultural work. Mr. Wakely is a graduate of State College and worthy to become the husband of such a highly esteemed young lady.

Downs—Martz.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martz, of Beech Creek, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday of last week when their daughter, Miss Florence Ellen, was united in the bonds of holy wedlock to John E. Downs, son of David Downs, of Flint, Mich., formerly a resident of Mill Hall. The ceremony was performed in the presence of eighty invited guests by Rev. D. E. Caris, pastor of the Evangelical church of Madisonburg. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Martz, and the best man John Martz, sister and brother of the bride. After a honeymoon trip the happy couple will be at home at Flint, Mich., where the groom is employed in the factory of the Buick automobile company.

Woleslagle—Lauck.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Bellefonte United Brethren parsonage at 11 a. m., December, 20th, 1017, when Mary Lauck of Snow Shoe, became the bride of Howard H. Woleslagle, of Milesburg, the ring ceremony being used. Those who witnessed the ceremony were Newton Lauck and Miss Maude Walker, of Runville; Mrs. Woleslagle, Mrs. Lauck, and Miss Emma Woleslagle, of Unionville.

Appointed Appraiser.

George M. Harter, of Marion township, his address being Nittany, R. F. D., has been appointed mercantile appraiser tor 1918 by the county commissioners.

"Our Tale of Years"

A tale is the product of the imagination. Even what children love to call "true tales" need imagination in the teller and the hearer. Facts may be so presented to the mind that they produce no impression. The teller needs the gift of imagination if he is to put his facts vividly in due proportion, and in such a way that they become real to the hearer. The hearer needs imagination if he is to receive the impression the tale is intended to convey. Is it not so in human life? It is divinely said "we spend our years as a tale that is told." We are told that the old live in the past, the middle-aged in the present, the young in the future. And this is partly true, the old do live largely in the past; but in a green vigorous, old age the present is by no means out of sight, nor does the future fail to bear its part in the "fever called living." God has mercifully so constituted us that we are always looking forward to something, otherwise life would lose its interest. I have known an aged lady of eighty who built a new house for herself with the full expectation of living there long enough to repay the trouble and the cost. Nor is it true that the middle-aged lady live only in the present. The man of business exercises his imagination—as hard headed, practical, imimaginative as he may fancy himself to be. We see it in such phrases as a "long-headed, a far-sighted man." The men who make their mark in politics and business are those who can see beyond the present moment. They do not forget the past and its lessons, nor do they fail to see that the present conditions the future.

As for children, they live largely in the region of the imagination, Shakespeare tells us that "the poet is of imagination all compact" he gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Children are your true poets. To the little girl her doll is a living thing. She pets it or punishes it in the full assurance that it is pleased by the one mode of treatment and saddened by the other. To the little boy his rocking horse is a fiery charge. Listen to children at play and you soon learn that they live mainly in the region of the imagination. Is it not true of us all that it is not the facts of life, but what we think of them which makes the happiness or misery of our existence. You sometimes see a face that tells of indwelling peace. You can not doubt that such a face belongs to one who has "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" in the gospel of the grace of God. Whoever looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, learns to endure—lives in the region of the imagination, it is true but not in an unreal world. We can only conquer evil, and find the help we need each hour, as we see by faith Him who is the author and finisher of our salvation.

Again a tale is a thing of passing interest. The most interesting story one every heard or read becomes tiresome by constant repetition. There are indeed, some stories which will bear repetition. This is eminently true of Bible stories; but we are all sadly conscious that we hear or read these stories without feeling as we ought their force when they are very familiar, unless some fresh experience in our own lives brings to them new meaning. In the case of ordinary stories we know how stale they soon become.

So life loses its interest Not always for ourselves, no doubt the keen vivid interest of life when we are young dies down in some degree. Yet let me say as one who has reached the psalmist's three score years and ten, that I find life full of interest if a less exciting thing than once it was. My point is that no one's life interests those who survive him. Men take up a morning paper as they journey to their business, see in the list of deaths the name of a man they have known well, have done business with and sincerely liked. How does it affect them? Ah! poor so and so has gone! I thought he was beginning to fail. Poor fellow! I hope his family is well provided for! Then the conversation turns on some topic of the day. Even in the case of men who have occupied a large space in public life how soon they are forgotten! The great poet, orator, politician or soldier, is remembered for a little time and then ceases to be of interest to his fellow-men at large. It is well that it should be so. Life would be intolerable if we could not forget, or at all events remember without acute pain those who have passed away.

But let us notice next that, though a tale is a thing of passing interest, it is also a thing of permanent importance; for we cannot hear or read a story and be as if we had never known it. It may fade from memory, but it has left its mark. We only seem to forget. It is this fact which imposes such grave responsibility on those who have the gift of telling a tale well either verbally or in writing. There are books which do untold mischief. I confess that I look with some degree of fear upon the present fashion of dissemnating facts, or supposed facts, concerning royal and other personages who lived very unedifying lives. People think they are reading history when they are doing little more than satisfying curiosity not of the highest type. There come from the press books which can do no good and can hardly fail to do harm.

It is equally true of human life that it is of permanent importance to others, to ourselves. "No man liveth to himself." We are always doing good or harm. We carry with us a moral atmosphere. It is impossible to be neutral. No one can tell how far-reaching will be the effects of his words and his works. There is only one way in which we can be sure that our lives will be a blessing and not a curse to our fellow men. You would do good. You must be good. We have all known persons whose very presence brought with it a holy influence. They did not talk much about religion, it maybe, but you felt that the love of Christ constrained them in all they thought and said and did. Alas! there are others who are a blighting force. How is it to be with us? If we are "led by the spirit" we shall not 'fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Each day, as it brings us nearer to the end of this life, will not only bring us nearer to "the life that knows no ending," but it will find us more useful, more influential in "the work of faith and labor of love" to which God has called us; more fitted to enjoy the blessings of our Heavenly Home. To the true believer life is indeed, like "a tale that is told," but it is a wholesome story with a happy ending.

May each be the sequel of all the readers of THE REPUBLICAN!—

H. C. HOLLOWAY, D. D.
Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 1917.

Soup—A War-Time Economy

That soup is one of the important items of war-time economy is evidenced by Herbert Hoover's message in Good Housekeeping for January, which precedes a very practical article on the subject. Mr. Hoover suggests this as a refutation of the old belief that a prosperous American household wastes what would feed a French family. To quote from the article:

"Can any one go away from the table hungry after a thick chowder, or barley broth or combinations of vegetables and meat, fish and other stock rich in nourishment?

Soup has anesthetic values as well as a calory value. Suppose there is a platter of corned or ala mode beef for the main meal of the day. Slice it thin, arrange carefully, wreathe with parsley, and preface it with a potato chowder that is hot, rich and satisfying. Your masculines will remember that meal as an extra good one.

Perhaps your Sunday roast beef looks a bit scant as you survey it as material for Monday night's dinner, and some one with a 'standing invitation' telephones you that he will drop in for a bite. A substantial soup comes to the rescue."

Tax Officer Here February 1st.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 27, 1917—It will require a small army of men to take the income tax returns of persons subject to the new law. Collector of International Revenue Kirkendall at Scranton has announced that forty officers started from his headquarters on January 1st and are on the job in the county assigned them, to meet the people and help them make out their income tax returns. The officer assigned to Centre county is due to arrive here on February 1st, and to remain until February 16th, both dates inclusive. He will have his office in the Court House in Bellefonte, Pa., where he may be found every day of the dates stated.

It will be well for every unmarried person whose net income for 1917 is $1,000 or over, and every married person living with wife or husband whose net income for 1917 is $2,000 or over, to call on the income tax man and learn whether or not they have any tax to pay.

Must Look for Motive Power

The State-Centre Electric Co., of Bellefonte, has announced that for the present it will not place any more eleectric motors for motive power. A number of contracts have recently been made for supply power and after the company has finished this work no more will be accepted. The reason for this action is that the present machinery is being over taxed and on account of the war it is impossible to secure new machinery for at least two years. A line is now being built through upper Bald Eagle from Unionville to Port Matilda for the purpose of supplying light and power to the Silica Brick plant at that place. The company will also supply power for the iron works at Curtin. While the company is is compelled to close down on motors it will still continue to furnish electric light for houses and factories.

Heat Conservation

At a recent joint meeting of the elders and trustees of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church it was decided to close the chapel until Spring when the weather is warmer. The Sabbath school hereafter will be held in the church. This means conservation of fuel which has become a necessity from the fact that it is impossible to secure sufficient coal to warm both buildings to the proper temperature.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation,—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (30c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

MARK TWAIN LOVED TO TALK

Noted Author Asserted He Also Profited From Instruction and Moral Upheaval—Would Not Charge.

Gen. Fred Grant once invited Mark Twain to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Robert Fulton Monument association for a fee of $1,000. Twain agreed to lecture, comments a writer, but declined the fee. Grant thanked him in the name of the association, but urged him to take part of the sum, asking why he should work wholly without compensation. Twain wrote in reply:

"Dear General—Because I stopped talking for pay a good many years ago, I could not resume the habit now without a great deal of personal discomfort. I love to hear myself talk, because I get so much instruction and moral upheaval out of it, but I lose the bulk of this joy when I charge for it. Let the terms stand."

Later he wrote to Grant:

"What shall I talk about? My idea is this: To instruct the audience about Robert Fulton, and . . . Tell me—was that his real name, or was it his nom de plume? However, never mind; it is not important—I can skip it, and the house will think I knew all about it, but forgot. Could you find out for me if he was one of the signers of the Declaration, and which one? But if it is any trouble, let it alone; I can skip it. Was he out with Paul Jones? Will you ask Horace Porter? And ask him if he brought both of them home. These will be very interesting facts, if they can be established. But never mind; don't trouble Porter; I can establish them anyway. The way I look at it, they are historical gems—gems of the very first water."

VILLAGES ERECTED ON PILES

Ancient Settlement Discovered in Lake Constance Contained 50,000 Tree Trunks for Its Foundation.

The most interesting of the earlier habitations of man are the curious lake dwellings of the age of bronze, notes a correspondent. These were usually built on piles sunk into the bottom of a lake, some distance from the shore. Large trees were felled, the trunks of which were sharpened on one end and driven into the mud by mallets used in the hands of the builders, who worked from a raft.

On these piles was built a platform, sometimes of great extent. One of the lake villages discovered in Lake Constance contained 50,000 piles. It formed a parallelogram 15,000 feet long and 400 broad, and probably accommodated a settlement of several hundred inhabitants.

After the platform had been put down, the boards being fastened on with pegs, and the whole strongly knit together with clay, the builders proceeded to put up their huts, which were circular or rectangular in shape. They were made of wattle work, coated on both sides with clay, and were generally furnished with a hearthstone and a hand-mill for crushing grain.

The village was connected with the shore by a long, narrow causeway, intersected by drawbridges.

Strange Adoptions by Cats.

The cases in which cats and dogs have formed close friendly relations are, of course, too numerous to mention. It really seems as if there were no animal friendship so strong and lasting as that between cats and dogs when once it is formed. It is well known that mother cats when deprived of their new-born progeny will adopt puppies, rabbits, monkeys or almost any other tender young creature that may be handy. But there has recently come to light a case for which there is no such apparent explanation.

A cat and a female fox terrier, which had brought into the world their progeny at about the same time, deliberately swapped their young, the cat taking the puppies to rear and the dog the kittens. The exchange was satisfactory, and both litters were brought in good health to the weanable stage. Nobody knows what led to such abnormal conduct.

Our Other Selves.

The old Hebrew sage declared, "Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure." It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure class. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a Sabbath rest of 24 hours, he must learn to sanctify little Sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?—S. M. Crothers, in the Atlantic.

Give Cheerfulness a Chance.

Cheerfulness is a much rarer quality than is generally supposed, especially among the rich. It was not common even before we learned that, in spite of Browning, though God may be in his heaven nevertheless all is wrong in the world.

If "most men lead lives of quiet desperation," as Thoreau says they do, it is, I suspect, because they will not allow cheerfulness to break in upon them when it will. A good disposition is worth a fortune. Give cheerfulness a chance, says the Atlantic Monthly, and let the professed philosopher go hang.

How Deaf Is the Haddock?

How deaf is a haddock, asks a man whose hearing has become somewhat impaired and who says he is "as deaf as a haddock," but does not know exactly what that means. It is an old expression and has never been explained. Other phrases used to express varying degrees of auricular disability are "as deaf as an adder" and "as deaf as a white cat." As a matter of fact an adder is not deafer than a multiplier or divider, and if white cats were subject to deafness in any of their former lives they certainly are not in the one they are now living. The implied imputation of exceptional deafness to the haddock contained in the proverbial phrase "as deaf as a haddock" recalls the fact that an ancient legend held that it was a haddock in whose mouth St. Peter found a piece of money and that the two marks on the fish's neck are the impression of the apostle's thumb and finger. Not only is there no proof of this, but the legend is incredible. Besides, the haddock is a salt water fish and was not found in any of the waters where Peter fished. Recurring to the original question it may be assumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that the haddock is no deafer than other fish.—Exchange.

It's a Century Old.

Occasionally we come across some article of manufacture which has been improved upon year after year, only to return again to its original state as the most desirable. This is true of the pocket-knife. You will find it in all degrees of perfection and ornamentation, but the style most approved at the present moment is that of the old navy knife—invented no one knows how long ago. This knife is the instant action, drop-out type, and is made in two styles, either of which the jackie prefers above all modern pull-out and push-button types. The blade simply slides in a groove so that it is opened by the same movement which jerks it out of the pocket. When it has been fouled from long usage the entire blade can be raked out and cleaned. The jackie prizes its simplicity when he is up aloft, with only one hand free, and when his fingers are stiff and numb. At such times any other kind would be useless.—Popular Science Monthly.

Camera Preserves Finger-Prints.

For police officers and others who have need of getting finger-print evidence from material that cannot be preserved or removed from its environment, a special camera has been perfected. It takes a photograph of the finger-print wherever it may be. In operating the camera no photographic skill or experience, nor even a tripod, is necessary. The camera is held tight against the surface of the door, ceiling, wall paper, or wherever the finger-print has been made. The shutter release lever is then pressed down; this automatically closes the circuit of the four lamps inside the camera, and thus lights them, providing the illumination for the exposure. The necessary current is provided by storage batteries inside the camera.—Popular Science Monthly.

Differences of Opinion.

When I hear another express an opinion which is not mine, I say to myself: He has a right to his opinion, as I to mine; why should I question it? His error does me no injury, and shall I become a Don Quixote, to bring all men by force of argument to one opinion? If a fact be misstated, it is probable he is gratified by a belief of it, and I have no right to deprive him of the gratification. If he wants information, he will ask it, and then I will give it in measured terms; but if he still believes his own story, and shows a desire to dispute the fact with me, I hear him and say nothing. It is his affair, not mine, if he prefers error.—Thomas Jefferson.

Mark Twain's Pleasant Little Speech.

In one of Mark Twain's letters, published in Harper's Magazine, appears an account of his visit to the Jameson raiders when they were in prison in Pretoria, in South Africa, in 1896. He made a characteristic speech to them that seemed to amuse them immensely. "I advised them at considerable length," says the humorist, "to stay where they were—they would get used to it and like it presently; if they got out they would only get in somewhere else by the look of their countenances; and I promised to go and see the president and do what I could to get him to double their jail term!"

Suggested a Postscript.

John was invited to Edward's birthday dinner, the invitation reading: "Will John come to Edward's house for dinner Tuesday evening?" He wrote in reply, "John will come to Edward's house to dinner Tuesday evening. He will come!" Betty could not understand that she was not invited and on hearing John read aloud his acceptance before sending it, said, plaintively, "Well, John, just add a little to that and say Betty will come too."

Chinese Coffins.

It is customary when a Chinese dies to place the body in a wooden coffin, the wood being generally imported from China.

Gentle Hint.

Wearied Young Lady (hastening the departure of tedious youth)—I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise!

WIFEY GOT DUMKOPFF'S ROLL

Spouse Induced Him to Curtail Expenses at Celebration, Then Divided Money "Equally."

Adolph Dumkopff had made a killing at poker, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, Adolph, how lovely!" scuggled his wife. "You must have held wonderful hands, Adolph. What did you have—Jacks down, or a full kind, or something?"

"How about a little celebration?" said Mr. Dumkopff, jovially. "How about a little theater party, and then a little something to eat at Snoozenmacher's?"

"Now, Adolph," remonstrated Mrs. Dumkopff, "what's the good of squandering it right away? Now that you've got it, you may as well keep it for a rainy day. We'll celebrate reasonably, that's what we'll do."

And after supper they went to the movies to see the beautiful Snoozles Wonderful in "Looping the Loop" in five parts, after which they each had a pickle sandwich in Childish's.

"Now, wasn't that a reasonable celebration?" said Mrs. Dumkopff, when they had returned home. "Only eighty-five cents altogether."

"Cheap at half the price," agreed her husband, as he dropped off to sleep. Half an hour later Mrs. Dumkopff carefully removed his trousers from the chair by his head, extracted his roll from the right-hand pocket, divided it with scrupulous fairness into two equal parts, kept the six tens and replaced the six fives in her husband's trousers.

"I'll buy something for the house with this, such as the prizes for my card party next week," thought Mrs. Dumkopff, as she tucked the bills into her back hair and slipped into bed to sleep the sleep of the foxy.

SHOULD SALUTE THE FLAG

Virginian Who Has Lived Abroad Urges Reverence for the Emblem of the Country.

"Why does the average American not salute the flag?" asked R. O. Outcault, a Virginian who has lived abroad for the last ten years, according to the Washington Post.

"On the day of the draft parade in Washington the only man I saw saluting the regimental colors was a policeman, probably an old soldier who has learned the love and reverence which every man who has served feels for the flag. When I and the friend with me—a Britisher—bared our heads every time the flag of a regiment went past a few persons in the crowd began, somewhat shamefacedly, to follow our example.

"In London or in Paris you would have no choice. Any man who kept his hat on when the colors of a regiment passed would have it knocked off for him, if nothing worse happened to him. I do not mean, of course, that one should salute the thousand and one flags carried in such a procession, but every one should at least bare his head when a regimental flag goes past. That's what thousands of men are going to die for before we are twelve months older. The least one can do is to salute it while we can before it goes somewhere in France."

Steps Drive Business Away.

Store entrances now are flush with the sidewalk, or as nearly so as conditions will permit, observes a merchant in the New York Sun. We storekeepers are aware that customers are more likely to walk straight into a store when unimpeded than to go up even one short step. Banks were the last to realize the handicap imposed by steps at the entrances, and you don't see architects planning bank buildings now with steps at the front as they did in the old days.

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Mignot, Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

An Actor's Wish.

George Ade, on his return from a visit to Camp Mills at Mineola, brought a story back home, says the Indianapolis News. While in New York city Mr. Ade dropped in at the Lambs club, where a lot of actors past war age were sitting around talking about the trenches. Everybody was anxious to fight, but all said they were too old. One of the company said he regretted greatly that he was not eligible, but he hoped that he might do his bit in some way on this side. He said: "I would even be willing to go to France on the next transport if I could get the kind of war job I have in mind."

"What's that?" asked another actor.

"Well," replied the would-be warrior, "I should like to go to the front as the chauffeur for a general with a yellow streak."

Friends in Need.

Gov. Thomas E. Campbell, in an argument in favor of an excess profit tax, said in Phoenix:

"These fellows are great friends of the government, but when it comes to being taxed, why, then—then they're like Murphy.

"'Cheer up, man!' said Murphy to Dooley. 'Yez look as if yez didn't have a friend in the whole wurrid.'

"'Oi haven't, nayther,' Dooley groaned.

"'G'wan!' cried Murphy heartily. 'If it ain't money yez want to borry, O'm as good a frind as ever yez had.'"

Bullet-Proof Tires.

Experiments made at the Northwestern Military and Naval academy apparently show that our best pneumatic automobile tires are fairly immune from injury from rifle bullets, and it would be interesting to know how much trouble has been experienced from this cause on the European front, says the Scientific American. It is probable, however, that this is the least of the causes of trouble, and that punctures resulting from running over rough ground, and the debris of battle wrecked villages are far more serious.

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IS CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

Court Prosecutor, Insisting on Prisoner Demonstrating How Hard He Assaulted Man, Is Speedily Shown.

It happened in the courtroom during the trial of a husky young man who was charged with assault and battery, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Throughout an especially severe cross-examination the defendant stoutly maintained that he had merely pushed the plaintiff "a little bit."

"Well, about how hard?" queried the prosecutor.

"Oh, just a little bit," responded the defendant.

"Now," said the attorney, "for the benefit of the judge and the jury, you will please step down here and, with me for the subject, illustrate just how hard you mean."

Owing to the unmerciful badgering which the witness had just been through, the prosecutor thought that the young man would perhaps overdo the matter to get back at him, and thus incriminate himself.

The defendant descended as per schedule, and approached the waiting attorney. When he reached him the spectators were astonished to see him slap the lawyer in the face, kick him in the shins, seize him bodily, and, finally, with a supreme effort, lift him from the floor and hurl him prostrate across a table.

Turning from the bewildered prosecutor, he faced the court and explained mildly:

"Your honor and gentleman, about one-tenth that hard!"

STORY MADE EMERSON LAUGH

Recalled Incident of Young Man Sending Letter Intended for His Washerwoman to His Sweetheart.

Young Conwell was sent by Horace Greeley to interview Ralph Waldo Emerson for the New York Tribune. He was pleasantly received by Emerson in his home in Concord, surrounded by his family, recites the Kansas City Star. In the course of the conversation he asked Mr. Emerson what he laughed at. In all the writing of the Concord philosopher there is not a joke nor even a trace of humor.

Emerson replied that he never laughed.

"Oh, yes, you do, father," cried the family. "We hear you laughing in the garden."

"Well," Emerson said, "I do sometimes laugh at something I read when a boy, but it is foolish and not worth putting in a paper."

Mr. Conwell said that was just what he wanted.

Emerson then told about an agitated young man who wrote two letters, one to his washerwoman and one to his lady love. He mixed them up, and the latter was very much astonished to receive this letter:

"If you muss up the bosom of my best shirt again I will have nothing whatever to do with you."

STOLEN TREASURES OF ART

Germany Will Hold Rare Collections Taken From France and Belgium Unless Peace Terms Interfere.

Will one of the peace conditions involve a return to Belgian and French art treasures removed by the Germans since 1914 from the occupied territories? asks the New York Evening Post.

Until the present war's outbreak, everyone has supposed the custom of nations chan since Napoleon's time, so that it would no longer be possible for a conqueror to fill his museums with plunder. That supposition, like so many others, seems to have been given the lie by the kaiser, whose agents are said to have emptied the Antwerp and Brussels museums for the benefit of Berlin. Even the emperor's grandfather, in the war of 1870, took practically no toll of Paris art treasures.

Malice has ascribed this moderation to the lack, in that Spartan generation, of appreciation for art, which led those earlier invaders to confine their activities, for the most part, to ormolu clocks and silver services. The modern Prussian, however, from the crown prince down, has become a dilettante, an art connoisseur. Hence the very thought of cleanup made of art objects. Berlin, willy nilly, is to be made a world art center. If tourists prefer Paris because of its greater natural charm, they will, in any event, be forced to visit the Prussian capital in order to see Rubens "Descent From the Cross."

A monopoly of the world's potash supply, and a collection of stolen art, is to keep the world at Germany's mercy—unless the terms of peace provide otherwise.

SAYS CANNERS WERE BUSY

President Peck of National Food Commission Asserts American Women Do Not Waste Food.

Charles Lathrop Peck, president of the National Emergency Food commission, said at a dinner in Washington that the women of America have canned 500,000,000 jars of fruit and vegetables.

"They who charge the American woman of today with food waste," he said, "are as ignorant as the huckster was."

"A huckster said to his mate:

"'Gee, Bill, you look down in the mouth!'

"'Ain't I got cause to look down in the mouth?' said Bill. 'Everything's gone wrong with me lately. First, an automobile runs into and kills my hoss. Naturally, I try to comfort myself with a few beers, and get pinched for drunk and disorderly. They gimme a week, and when I get back home I find my wife's gone off to her mother's with peritonitis.'

"'What?' said the other huckster. 'What? That Dago ice cream juggler down Middle alley? Poor old Bill!'"

More Fame for Stuttgart.

Stuttgart, which French aviators bombed recently, is the original home of the aircraft engine. It was in Stuttgart that Daimler evolved the internal combustion engine which a Frenchman, with an eye to utility, quickly turned to account in the first practical motor car, says the Christian Science Monitor. Here, too, Count Zeppelin evolved his monster airships, making use of the knowledge which trials and experiments in the big Daimler works had served to bring to light. Facts such as these seem more pertinent at these times than the other reasons for Stuttgart's fame. She has, as everyone knows, a famous music academy, and her reputation for music is certainly far older than that which she has acquired by her machinery; also, it is unspoiled by anything of the nature which has made the very word Zeppelin a byword in civilized countries.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Parliamentary Privilege.

Parliamentary privilege means the almost complete freedom from arrest that is accorded members of parliamentary bodies. The Constitution of the United States says that senators and representatives "shall in all cases, except treason, felony and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place." Similar provisions appear in the constitutions of most of the states. The constitution of Indiana makes the provision broader. It says: "Senators and representatives, in all cases except treason, felony and breach of the peace, shall be privileged from arrest during the session of the general assembly, and in going to and returning from the same, and shall not be subject to any civil process during the session of the general assembly nor during the fifteen days next before the commencement thereof. For any speech or debate in either house a member shall not be questioned in any other place."

Law of the Family.

No man lives for himself alone. Whether we will or not, we are dependent on the exertions of others and others are affected by our good or evil acts, says Parris T. Farwell in the Congregationalist. We belong to a family, a town, a state, a nation, to the great family of mankind. Absolute liberty is not possible even for the members of a family except as the liberty is guided by good will. If in a home each member considered himself alone, disregarding the wishes and welfare of others, the result would be destruction. That is the best society in which the law of the family is applied on the largest scale. The Golden Rule is the only law by which ideal society can be obtained. "We are members one of another."

Useful Parrot.

Uncaged and unattended, a parrot perches throughout the day on a chair outside of a store in Seattle, Wash., and advertises the wares to be purchased therein to all passersby. During the summer time he is particularly useful, his owner having taught him to make this announcement: "Ice cream cones—five cents. Right inside." The appearance of a pedestrian in the vicinity of the store is a signal for the bird to repeat his announcement. The parrot has proven a great advertising card and has greatly boosted the business of the store to the advantage of the owner.

Preferred a Democrat.

A Bartholomew county drafted man who failed to appear for examination when called, was arrested and taken before the draft board, says the Indianapolis News. He said he didn't wish to go to war and wished to be exempted. A member of the board told him he could go before a notary public and have his blank filled out.

"I don't want to go before a notary public," he replied. "I'd rather go before a Democrat."

This Tough Old World.

"Now, Willie, see the nice cake I have made for your birthday."

"Can I eat it all myself?"

"Why, of course not. You would be sick."

"That's just the way with you, mamma. Whenever you do give me any pleasure, you always tie a string to it."

"Send Him a photograph Molly...

LACK OF PRAISE FOR POETS

Complaint Is Registered That Insufficient Honor Is Bestowed Upon Living English Writers.

In an article in the Bookman on twentieth century English poetry, Prof. William Lyon Phelps quotes William watson as complaining of the insufficient praise bestowed upon living poets and as saying that with one exception, meaning Kipling, there is not a single English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron. "With that one brilliant exception," says Watson, "England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience." In commenting on this passage, Professor Phelps says:

"We ought to remember that Scott and Byron were colossal figures, so big that no eye could miss them, and that the reason why Kipling has enjoyed substantial rewards is not because of his political views, nor because of his glorification of the British empire, but simply because of his literary genius. He is a brilliant and salient exception to the common run of poets, not merely in royalties, but in creative power. Furthermore, shortly after this lecture was delivered Alfred Noyes and then John Mansfield passed from city to city in America in a veritable march of triumph. Mr. Gibson and Mr. DeLaMare received homage everywhere; 'Riley day' is now a legal holiday in Indiana; Rupert Brooke has been canonized."

ALL ENEMIES MEET IN BERNE

Streets Are Thronged With Thousands of Men Who Have Been Interned—Must Wear Uniforms.

At any time of the day in the Swiss capital one sees the uniforms of both sides on the streets, for there are thousands of French, British, German and Belgians interned in Switzerland, and according to the rules of the game, they must wear their uniforms, in order to make the breaking of parole harder, writes Will Irwin in the Saturday Evening Post.

My first sight of a German Fritz clumping down the streets in his neutral green uniform and his stout military boots gave me a kind of shock of surprise. It is three years now, since—in Belgium—I last beheld a free man in a German uniform. Today I saw dozens of men in French uniform pass other dozens in German uniform. Each party to these meetings would look straight ahead, pretending he had not noticed.

For the benefit of the entente peoples the shops are displaying such signs as these: "Swiss Manufacture." "Same Composition as ——, the German Preparation, Out of Strictly Swiss Origin." "This Line Made of Swiss and English Material." Knowingly to buy German goods is the same cardinal sin among the French, American and English colonies here.

"Pill Box" Defense.

The "pill box" defense appeared in the German lines some time this year, says the Scientific American. The "pill box" is the British soldier's name for a small, round, concrete blockhouse which contains German machine gunners. The "pill box" appears to be the smallest of German concrete defenses, some of which are nothing short of fortresses in every sense of the word.

The "pill box" strategy, which has been offset by heavier allied gunfire, comprises the use of shell holes, trees, rocks and every other available shelter for machine guns, instead of the old style rows of trenches. In other words, there is a "zone of defense." The organization of this zone of defense is such that the aerial observers of the allies cannot detect the individual machine gun posts; hence direct hits by artillery become almost impossible except by mere chance.

Benzol to the Rescue.

Experiments recently conducted by a large oil company, notes a writer in Power, proved that "not only is benzol more valuable than gasoline as a motor fuel when used straight, but its effective value is increased by being mixed with gasoline. These experiments indicate that a mixture of equal parts of gasoline and benzol gives a value over 16 per cent greater than that of straight gasoline, which shows 32 per cent increased value for the benzol half. In many quarters alcohol is looked upon as the ultimate fuel, but it cannot be employed except with great difficulties, owing to its high hydrogen content."

Refugees Stole From Police.

The "gratitude" of some people who found shelter in an East London police station took the form of stealing a new broom and some enameled mugs. At another police station they stole a clock, two pairs of boots and some provisions, and damaged some uniforms. At one of the town halls where the public has been allowed to overflow into the police court precincts the Old Testament was purloined, and in a public library several volumes were stolen.—London Globe.

Such a Contrast.

Travelers who enjoy reading on a railway journey will appreciate this story.

A passenger wanted to read, but a man opposite would persist in trying to talk. After several brief replies the reader became irritated.

"The grass is very green, isn't it?" said the pleasant young man.

"Yes," was the answer; "such a change from the blue and red grass we've been having lately!"

DECEMBER SHOULD BE "POTATO MONTH"; EAT MORE AND ENCOURAGE GROWERS

Public Safety Food Department Urges Plentiful Use of Pennsylvania-Grown Tubers in Tasty Dishes to Reduce Cost of Living.

December should be termed Potato Month declares the Food Department of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety. Why? Because potatoes should be used largely in substitution now for other staples, particularly canned vegetables. The big mealy Pennsylvania baked potato, creamed potatoes, French fried, potatoes au gratin, potato croquets, mashed potatoes, hash-brown potatoes all appeal to the hungry man and they are but a few ways of preparing this wonderful vegetable. You can have potatoes for every meal and still have variety.

Eat more potatoes—Pennsylvania potatoes, the finest on earth. Encourage Pennsylvania potato growers. There are other potatoes to be sure, but they are not quite so good as Pennsylvania potatoes which naturally bring a higher price. Do you know that the present market prices of potatoes are, on an average, below the cost of production? That is a fact. Thousands of bushels of these are now being shipped to the market in prime condition to help out the cost of living.

Our average consumption of potatoes is four bushels per person yearly. Each member of your household should eat two-thirds of a bushel of potatoes during the month of December. If they were used in the great variety of ways they can be cooked the consumption would be a bushel per person during the month of December.

There is no place to store the potatoes now coming into the market save in the homes of the people. The railroads need the cars to haul other products. The logical distribution is quick handling from the car to the retailer and from the retailer to the consumer and from the basket straight to the table.

On December 6 potato growers of Pennsylvania met at Public Safety Committee headquarters in Philadelphia to organize a state branch of the Potato Association of America. The object is to plan to raise more potatoes and better potatoes next year. The greatest encouragement, however, that can be given will come through the consumption of potatoes during the coming weeks. It is almost unpatriotic to eat canned goods during December when potatoes and other vegetables can be had in large quantities. The more potatoes we eat, the more bread and meat our boys at the front will get.

SULTAN IS FOND OF READING

Turkey's Ruler for Weeks at a Time Shuts Himself in Private Suite, Surrounded With Books.

Although the sultan of Turkey is reputed to be the laziest potentate in Europe, he is passionately fond of reading. For weeks at a time he will shut himself in his private suite, surrounded by literature of all kinds—classical works, novels, magazines and newspapers. With the exception of his personal attendants and ministers of state, no one is allowed in the imperial sanctuary during the sultan's literary "fits."

But the sultan is at something of a disadvantage, says a British weekly, because his knowledge of European languages is limited.

In order to overcome the difficulty he employs a translation office. Here there are officials who speak all the languages of Europe and the East. They read all the political and illustrated newspapers of importance, and translate extracts from them for the sultan. There are 15 superior translators, called dragoman secretaries, in that office, and their pay is from ten to forty Turkish pounds monthly.

They do not limit their translations to political publications; they translate novels and romances in all languages for the Sultan, and many thousand volumes of their work have found their way into the imperial library. They are all written on thick, white, royal, octavo, gilt-edge paper, and are fastened together with green and red ribbons by the translators themselves.

After circulating through the harem they are preserved in the library. The sultan's favorite reading is criminal romances. He subscribes to all newspapers that contain reports of the proceedings in the law courts, and there is no famous writer of stories of crime in any language whose works have not been translated for him.

French Aristocracy Works.

The opening of a shop by Viscountess Gort attracts far more notice in England than it would in France, where many aristocrats earn their living in less lucrative ways than those of a West end milliner. The present Marquess de Torcey D'Etallonde keeps an inn at Carnac, the Marquee de Folngne is an omnibus conductor, the Comte de Rosgrand works in a flour mill, the Baron de Soigny is a postman and the Comte de St. Paul is a clerk. M. Jean de Retz of the same family as the famous cardinal is a grave digger; the Comte d'Hauteroche, descendant of the officer who, at Fontenoy, is alleged to have cried out, "Messieure les Anglais, tires les premiere," is a gendarme, and the Viscomte de Bardeneuche used to clean lamps at the Gare du Nord for three francs a day.

Preferred Two Halves.

The teacher had been explaining fractions to her class. When she had discussed the subject at length, wishing to see how much light had been shed, she inquired, "Now, Bobbie, which would you rather have, one apple or two halves?"

The little chap promptly replied, "Two halves."

"Oh, Bobbie," exclaimed the young woman, a little disappointedly, "why would you prefer two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was wormy."

Not Second-Hand.

The Floor Manager—Let's see, you're a widow, aren't you?

Marie of the Trimmings—Looka here. I've been sellin' trimmin's in this joint for fourteen years an' I may look shopworn, but I ain't second-hand.

"OLD PARR'S" AGE BELIEVED

Said to Have Lived to Be 152 Years Old—Lived Under Reigns of Ten Princes.

"Old Parr" was an Englishman whose proper name was Thomas Parr and who broke the modern record by living to the ripe old age of one hundred and fifty-two years, an exchange says. The British cyclopedia gives this account of him:

"Thomas Parr (1483-1635), English centenarian, known as 'Old Parr,' is reputed to have been born in 1483 at Winnington, Shropshire, the son of a farmer. In 1500 he is said to have left his home and entered domestic service and in 1518 to have returned to Winnington to occupy the small holding he then inherited on the death of his father. In 1563, at the age of eighty, he married his first wife, by whom he had a son and a daughter, both of whom died in infancy. At the age of one hundred and twenty-two, his first wife having died, he married again. His vigor seems to have been unimpaired, and when one hundred and thirty years old he is said to have thrashed corn. In 1635 his fame reached the ears of Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel, who resolved to exhibit him at court, and had him conveyed to London in a specially constructed litter. Here he was presented to King Charles I, but the change of air and diet soon affected him and the old man died at Lord Arundel's house in London on the 14th of November, 1635. He was buried in the south transept of Westminster abbey, where the inscription over his grave reads: 'Tho. Parr, of ye county of Salopp. Born in anno 1483. He lived in ye reigns of ten princes, viz: King Edward 4, King Edward 5, King Richard 3, King Henry 7, King Henry 8, King Edward 6, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James and King Charles, aged 152 years, and was buried here November 5, 1635.'"

That the son of a small farmer who had started in life as a hired man (the British cyclopedia says he left home and entered domestic service), should have been buried in Westminster abbey, shows that the story of his great age was believed.

TYPISTS MAKE BAD ERRORS

Slips Are Very Amusing in Some Instances, and Hard to Explain in Many Others.

If some lady typists can make a mistake they will, and some of their efforts are very amusing, a humorist relates. One typist produced the remark, in regard to a rather conceited man, that "his one weakness was onion sauce," the real word being "omniscience." Another, in an obituary of a great theologian, spoke of his belief in the "immorality of the soul." Just the omission of the "t" from "immortality" made all the difference.

Some few years ago a speaker at a meeting waxed very sympathetic over the death of the wife of a manager of the company at some fever-stricken place in West Africa, and the reporters who were afterwards getting out this speech together to save time were in a jocular mood. At the end of the pathetic oration the one who was dictating said, for a joke, and to amuse the others, "Loud Laughter," and the foolish girl, who was as much a machine as the typewriter at which she sat, actually put the words in. Moreover, they appeared in print in a financial newspaper, and a very humble apology had to be made by the editor afterwards, although any explanation of the "slip" was impossible.

Advertise in the Republican.

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Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 3, 1918

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

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Fuel, fuel everywhere, but not a bit to burn.

Any fellow who is at-large these days with a pound of sugar is naturally under suspicion.

Some people who find it pretty cold these days will not have cause for the same complaint in the hereafter.

If you happen to have a very deep grudge against some fellow it will be easy to get even with him by wishing on him a job as fuel administrator.

It is rather hard to do it, particularly when freezing weather is on tap and no coal in the bin, but it will help each of us if we keep in mind Harry Valentine's famous poem which has a line saying: "How small are our troubles of today next week."

There is a little humor everywhere if one only looks for it. For instance, the other day the writer dropped into the Bellefonte Shirt Co. plant where a score of girls were busily engaged with great piles of flimsy garments. Manager S. D. Ray casually remarked that the garments were summer underwear. Just outside the door the thermometer registered four below zero.

The Senate investigating committee at Washington has more than verified the current reports of insufficient heavy clothing for the soldiers at numerous camps. Red tape is the only excuse offered by department officials and military commanders for such a glaring condition to exist at a time when freezing weather prevails. President Wilson has indirectly authorized the statement that he wants each department at Washington to cut the red tape system and do things more promptly from this time on. The pity of it is that such an order was not issued a month ago. Delay by our government in properly equipping our soldiers cannot but give encouragement to the Kaiser. We want to lick the Kaiser, not encourage him.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Isabella Confer to William H. Witmyer, tract of land in Bellefonte, $525.

Alfred Green, et ux, to Wm. B. Miles et al, tract of land in Millesburg, $450.

James Clark to Jno. W. Clark, tract of land in Benner Twp., $4725.

Thos. P. Clark to John W. Clark, tract of land in Benner Twp., $2800.

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Frank W. Wingard, et ux to Elmer D. Hoover, tract of land in Penn Twp., $12.

Fannie D. Leathers, to Warren B. Long, tract of land in Howard Twp., $6000.

W. G. Runkle, et ux, to Penna. R. R. Co., tract of land in Boggs Twp., $850.

F. C. Kohlbecker, et al to Penna R. R. Co., tract of land in Boggs Twp., $1000.

D. R. Lebkicker, et ux, to Penna. R. R. Co., tract of land in Bogg Twp., $1.

Jno. C. Peters' Admr., to Frank L. Baird, tract of land in Millesburg Boro, $500.

M. M. Yingling, et ux, to G. F. Dunkle, et al, tract of land in Rush Twp. $1.00.

Prudence Haines, to G. F. Dunkle, et al, tract of land in Rush Twp., $1.

J. L. Buzzell, et ux to G. F. Dunkle, et al tract of land in Rush Twp., $1.

Robt. W. Adams, et ux, to Ernest L. Adams, tract of land in Union Twp $400.

Elmer E. Hosband, et al to Anna Hosband, et al tract of land in Union Twp., $1.

Saml. Hosband, et al to Elmer Hosband, tract of land in Union Twp., $1.

Harry J. Behrer, et ux to David F. Kapp, tract of land in State College, $1.

David F. Kapp, et ux, to Harry J Behrer, tract of land in State College, $1.00.

A. J. Hazel, et al, to R. W. Smith, tract of land in Miles Twp., $1500.

J. T. Leathers, et ux to Mrs. Jno Kennedy, tract of land in Spring Twp. $400

C. W. Keller, et ux, to Arvilla Heaton tract of land in Worth Twp., $150.

C. M. Powley, et ux, to M. C. Harpster, tract of land in Ferguson Twp. $125.00.

Bouncer of the Blues.

The large audiences which are everywhere enjoying the new "Peck's Bad Boy," speak well for the coming engagement of this popular comedy at Garman's opera house Thursday, January 3rd. Jacque Baulm as the Bad Boy, is surrounded with an organization which works unceasingly to provide amusement that never fails to please. Anyone who has treasured up pleasant memories of his youth is sure to have it brought back again while witnessing "Peck's Bad Boy" in its new and improved condition, brighter, bigger and better than ever. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Read "The Republican," $1.50 a year in advance.

Counterfeit!

By James Knelland Shawvan

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

I thought of early boyhood's days and skating on one foot, as the sole of one shoe struck a flat piece of banana peel, and I went sliding irresistibly toward a wooden crate cover set over a manhole in the sidewalk.

Bang! My feet met it, sending it spinning halfway around on the unfastened pivot and down I shot through the half-moon aperture.

Thump! I landed ten feet down amid utter darkness across an upturned tub, knocking out its bottom, and bringing hoops and staves about me in flying sections.

The shock was brief, my bruises trivial. Then I congratulated myself. If the under-sidewalk space into which I had been precipitated connected with the main cellar of the structure abutting upon it I would hail my misadventure as a stroke of genuine good luck. That grim old time-shattered three-story building had been a center of considerable interest to me during the past week. I had haunted its vicinity persistently. It was to little purpose, however. Its rear was a blank brick wall. Its sides were guarded by heavy iron shutters. The front had but one entrance, a double doorway, and beyond it was a store space shallow and narrow, more of a hall entrance than a room, barred closely nights, and in the daytime, seated behind a bench hammering away at various pieces of metal, was a low-browed, keen-eyed man, evidently the guardian of the place.

I was on a still hunt for a missing friend, and had been for over a month. That was how I came to be interested in what had veritably become to me a house of mystery.

Acton Meserve had been a fellow worker and close friend for something like two years. We were both of us expert engravers and earned good wages in the service of a leading bank-note engraving concern. It was just after he had married and was gone on his honeymoon that trouble began.

You must know that the working economy of a confidential and important business such as we were engaged in calls for strict integrity on the part of those employed. It was about a week after my friend Meserve had left on his memorable vacation when a discovery was made that some government paper, some denomination dies and a kit of fine engraving tools were missing from the vault. When a search was made in the office there was found in Meserve's desk some of the paper. The company awaited the return of Meserve to charge him with irregularities, possibly theft. But neither he nor his wife returned to the city at the end of two weeks, nor four, nor six. In fact, although a detective was employed to seek to gain a trace of their whereabouts, Acton Meserve and his wife had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had swallowed them up.

One day I was summoned to the private office of the president of the company. I knew that my close companionship with Meserve had aroused suspicion in the mind of the detective as to a possible knowledge on my part as to what had become of Meserve. The disappearance of the well-guarded property of the company pointed to a probable scheme to do some outside plate work. This surmise was emphasized by the strange absence of Meserve.

"We shall require your services no longer, Mr. Illsley," spoke my superior, definitely and with sternness.

"I am sorry," I said simply. "I will not ask you the reason of this unwarrantable discharge, for I can guess. You are wrong in attributing what you imagine to as good a man as Acton Meserve. I shall make it my business to prove it to you soon."

"I hope so," coldly remarked the official, "and I further hope you will take care of yourself."

There was significance, almost insult, in this last remark, and I did not resent it in words. I had made up my mind that I would find Acton Meserve if it took all I had saved up and a year of my life to accomplish it. There was something wrong, not only at the engraving plant, but as regarded Meserve.

There was a dense mystery surrounding the abstraction of the property of the company and the inexplicable vanishment of Meserve and his wife. I started to solve the enigma, firm in my faith in my tried and true comrade.

I found his relatives and friends anxious and grieved over his absence. None of them had seen or heard from him since the day they had seen him started on his wedding journey. I went over his presumable honeymoon trip, to lose all trace of him utterly. I returned to the city, more in the dark than ever, gloomily disappointed, almost hopeless.

One day I struck a clew, or fancied I had. It was when, for the first time in many months, I saw walking ahead of me on the street a man named Bartley Webb. This person had been a printer at the engraving plant who had left work about a week before Meserve had started on his vacation. We had never liked him and had noticed that he kept bad company—just now worse than ever, for the two men with him were as villainous-looking fellows as I had ever seen. I followed them, a new suspicion in my mind as they were admitted to the very building I have described. I took up watch and ward over the sombre pile of masonry for several days. Twice I saw Webb visit the place. Always his admission was followed by the closing and locking of the outside door. Always the door was kept carefully reclosed until he had departed, after a brief stay. I know not why, but somehow I associated Webb with the pilferings at the engraving plant and the disappearance of Meserve. I had an irrepressible desire to explore the old rookery, and now fate and circumstance had, I hoped, granted my wish for admission to the apparently impregnable structure.

I got to my feet and proceeded to explore my surroundings. I came to an opening like a doorway, traversed a corridor which penetrated the cellar of the building and faced a pair of stairs. These I ascended, reached a vacant room, crossed it, opened a door, ascended a second flight of stairs and charily felt my way along a narrow passage way. I accidentally blundered against a swinging door. I landed in a lighted room, tried to draw back as I discovered that it held an inmate, and was rooted to the spot as I recognized in a woman standing staring at me agape—the wife of Acton Meserve!

All the bloom I had last seen was departed from that sweet face, the eyes were sunken and haunted with the horror of confinement and fear.

"Mr. Illsley!" she gasped, and reeled.

"You—you!" I breathed incoherently. "What does this mean? Where is Meserve?"

"He is in there," she whispered, all a tremble, and she pointed to an opposite door. "No—no! You risk your life!"

But I had run at the door and opened it and rushed towards a man at a bench bending over a leather plate pad, a graver in his hand—Acton Meserve.

And then I understood the warning just uttered. Two men, and one of them was Webb, sprang at me. I received a heavy blow on the head and knew no more. I awoke, jolted about in a cab and held up by the best friends I had in the world—Acton Meserve and his wife. They were babbling with the maddest of joyfulness, like two children released from a terrible captivity. Then the vehicle halted in front of the engraving plant.

I was still dazed as I sat back in the chair in the office of the president. As in a dream I caught the echo of the tones of Meserve, telling all the story of his mysterious disappearance.

It was Webb who had abstracted the missing property of the plant. It was Webb and accomplices who had kidnapped husband and wife, who had threatened to kill the latter if Meserve did not engrave a plate they forced him to make. It was just as I appeared that the plate was finished, all except one corner, and this Meserve refused to complete unless immediate liberty was promised. The scoundrels then abandoned the place with the plate, Meserve agreeing to wait an hour later.

"I believe your story, Mr. Meserve," said the staid and dignified president, "but do you not consider it very reprehensible to engage in such work under any circumstances?"

"Not as I worked it out," dissented Meserve. 'Sir, when the law runs down these miscreants, as it must, you will find the plate worthless."

"You mean—?"

"That the last rapid work I did was to engrave in hair-line tracery, while they were not looking, one word, a warning to all the world."

"And the word was—?"

"'Counterfeit!'"

"There's a Time to Fight."

Miss Miriam, who will be seven years old soon, knows that little girls should not fight but she is not a "pacifist" for all that. A few days ago she was taken to task by her mother for engaging in a pugilistic encounter with another little girl. "Well, mother," she said, "I don't know whether she hit me first, but I know that if I hit her she deserved it, for that child's mother never has brought her up properly."

On another occasion she complained that a small boy of her acquaintance had kicked her, but admitted on being pressed that she had not done much first, "only pinched and slapped his face a little." She was told to tell the boy's father, so the boy might be punished, but to be sure and tell what she had done, too. The father is still waiting for the report.—Indianapolis News.

Education Not a Prerequisite.

Charles Darwin was a misfit child, a misfit youth, and a misfit in young manhood. He failed miserably in mathematics, the classics, and in theology. He was an indifferent student of medicine, yet when at last he was guided into the paths of his natural capacities he soon became the foremost naturalist of his age and probably of any age before or since.

Emerson was an educational misfit, and so were Froebel and General Grant, and the list of distinguished men in all walks of life who were misfits in childhood might easily be extended almost indefinitely. They prove conclusively that much of what is commonly called education is not a prerequisite for success in life.

An Unfailing Sign.

"My dear, this child is going to have plenty of spirit in his voice."

"How can you tell that now?"

"Because already it shows a tendency to high bawls."

Edward Woods Dead

Edward Woods, for many years one of the best known citizens of Bellefonte passed away at 3 o'clock Monday morning at his home on Thomas street. Twenty-three years ago he succeeded the late John A. Wagner as mail carrier on route of the South and West wards and during this long period of time has been a familiar personage on the streets of Bellefonte each day. In all this time he never missed a mail except when off duty. His son John, who is at Camp Hancock, was expected home Christmas but as the deceased was eating his turkey dinner that day a telegram reached the family stating John was unable to secure a furlough. On hearing this news Mr. Woods was so disappointed that he collapsed and after that time began growing weaker and weaker until the final end came. However, he had not been well for some time prior to Christmas but he made an effort to remain on duty as long as possible which was about ten days before his death. The deceased was the son of James Woods and was born in Pennsvalley 63 years ago. The younger part of his life was spent on the farm where he was very successful. Early in life he was married to Miss Sarah Garber, of near Bellefonte, who survives him with two children, Miss Mame, of Bellefonte, and John who is a member of Troop L, of Bellefonte, now stationed at Camp Hancock. Mr. Woods was a quiet modest gentleman, simple in his life and frugal in his habits. He was of a kindly disposition and endeared himself to all with whom he came in contract and retained to the last the respect of his neighbors and hosts of friends. The deceased is also survived by a brother and a sister, William Woods, of State College, and Mrs. Sarah Kelley, of Bellefonte. The funeral was held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. J. G. Irvin Dead.

Mrs. Irvin, relict of the late J. Green Irvin, of Oak Hall, passed away Tuesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Johnston, of Crafton Station, Pittsburgh. She ate her Christmas dinner and seemed to have enjoyed the meal. Later she became ill and passed away during the night, heart trouble being the cause. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Riley, and 82 years ago was born at Roxlsburg. Both the Irvin and Riley families were very prominent in the social activities of that community and will long be remembered by their hosts of friends. For years her husband, who preceded her to the grave several years ago, was one of the leading men in that township. Mrs. Irvin was a member of the Presbyterian church at Lemont and during her day and generation was one of its faithful workers. She possessed qualities of mind and heart that made her companionable and endeared her to all who knew her. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. William Mitchell, of Barbourville, Ky., and Mrs. Thomas F. Johnston, of Crafton. Also by a brother and sister: Calvin Riley and Mrs. Edward Kreamer, of Newton Hamilton. The remains were brought to Lemont Friday where services were held in the Presbyterian church. Interment was made in the Branch cemetery.

Death of Mrs. E. B. Smith.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Smith, widow of the late George W. Smith, who up until a few years ago was a well known and esteemed resident of Bellefonte, died Sunday, December 23rd, 1917, at her home in Marceline, Linn county, Missouri, of cerebral hemorrhage. Deceased was the daughter of Charles and Eliza Beck, and was born June 15, 1840, at Lamar, Clinton county. Her age was 77 years, 6 months and 8 day. During the residence of the Smith family in Bellefonte, the husband of the late Mrs. G. W. Smith, was killed in an accident which occurred in August, 1910, when he was struck by an automobile while crossing High street in front of the Lauderbach-Zerby wholesale house. Surviving to mourn the loss of a loving mother, is one daughter, Dr. Irma H. Van Nortwick, who is practicing her profession of osteopathic physician at Marceline, Mo. Deceased was a woman who possessed a beautiful character and had a host of friends who will sincerely mourn her departure. The body was brought to Bellefonte for burial, arriving here on Wednesday morning, Dec. 26, interment being made beside her husband in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Lizzie Gingerich Dead.

Mrs. Lizzie Gingerich, wife of Samuel Gingerich, of near Centre Hall, passed away Dec. 21st, 1917, after suffering some time with dropsy. She was the daughter of Henry and Rebecca Houtz and was born in Harris township, March 31st, 1867, making her age 50 years, 8 months and 21 days. She was married Nov. 8th, 1891. She was a member of the Lutheran church and held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. She is survived by the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Ellen Ross, Linden Hall; Mrs. Mary Cunningham, Bellefonte; George Houtz, Toledo, Ohio; Elmer C. Houtz, Boalsburg, and Mrs. Tillie Houser, Linden Hall. The funeral took place in the Lutheran church, Centre Hall, Dec. 24th, 1917, Rev. Kurtz officiating. Interment at Centre Hall.

Howard Stuart Dead

Howard M. Stuart a highly respected citizen of Tyrone, passed away Dec. 24th, from a complication of diseases. Deceased was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stuart early settlers of Bald Eagle valley. He was born at Martha Furnace, August 18, 1855 and resided in that community until 1905. He was married twice, his first wife, Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald Stuart, passed away about four years ago. He was married the second time to Miss Susan Files, who survives with the following children to his first wife: Alda, Altoona; Bardens and Gilbert, Philadelphia; Harry a member of the 19th Engineering Corps in France; Mrs. Clair Divene and Mrs. Edith Johnston, of Johnstown; John of Tyrone, and Mrs. J. R. Williams, of Julian. He is also survived by one sister Mrs Nancy Ammerman, of Erie.

Death of Robert Armstrong.

Robert Armstrong, one of the best known and highly respected citizens of Bellefonte, passed peacefully from time into eternity at his residence on east Howard street on Monday, December 24th, after a long illness due to paralysis. He was first stricken several years ago but finally recovered sufficiently to be around again although unable to work. About ten days prior to his death he was again stricken which was the final winding up of his earthly career. He was the son of John and Jane Armstrong and was born in Ireland, July 5th, 1839, making his age 78 years, 5 months and 19 days. When a young man he came to America and for fifty years made his home in Bellefonte, except a short time when he resided at Lewistown. In 1880 he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Clark, of Bellefonte. Soon after coming here he became acquainted with the late Robert McKnight, then superintendent of the Bellefonte Gas Co., who gave him a position. Being ambitious Mr. Armstrong soon became an expert in the manufacture of gas and he was quickly recognized as such. He remained at his post until he was forced by illness to retire. He was of a kindly disposition and no one who needed his aid left empty-handed. His sympathy went out for his follow beings who were in distress. He had a wide circle of friends who will always cherish his memory. He is survived by his widow and one son, Walter Armstrong, deputy recorder of Centre county. He is also mourned by one brother, James Armstrong, who resides in Ireland. Funeral services were held at his late home on Howard street Thursday afternoon, Dec. 27, Rev. Malcolm DePui Maynard, pastor of the Episcopal church, officiating. Interment in the family lot in the Union cemetery.

Rather A Sad Death

Monday Col. Emanuel Noll, of Bellefonte, received the sad inteligence that his little grand-son, Carelton Noll York, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy F. York, had died following an operation two weeks ago for appendicitis. The little fellow seemed to be getting along nicely until Saturday when he grew worse and passed away Sunday evening about 6 o'clock. He was born at WarriorsMark and was 11 years of age this month. He was a bright little fellow and quite frequently visited in Bellefonte at the Noll home on North Allegheny Street. The funeral was held on Wednesday, interment being make at Brooklyn Mich. Miss Rebie Noll left for Detroit Monday afternoon to attend the funeral.

Death of Mrs. J. A. Hamilton.

Mrs. Alice Hamilton, wife of J. A. Hamilton, of Florence, Ohio, passed away on December 24th at Sunshine, Idaho, where she had gone for her health, the family residing at Florence, Ohio. She was 65 years of age and originally from Juniata county, Penna. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and held in the highest respect by all who knew her. She is survived by her husband and two daughters, Miss Sarah Hamilton and Mrs. Glow, wife of Rev. Arthur Glow, of Sunshine, Idaho. The deceased is a sister-in-law of Hon. John Hamilton of State College. The funeral took place Saturday at Florence.

Death of a Little Child.

David the 3rd, son of Hugh and Bertha Meese Etters, grandson of Prof. D. O. Etters, died at State College on Dec. 26th, he being 14 months old. The parents live at Cambridge Springs and had come to State College to spend Christmas with the Etters family and Mrs. Sarah Meese, mother of Mrs. Etters. This shows that we can never scan the future and we are only living by the day. Mr. and Mrs. Etters went to State College with the intention of having a fine time, but Providence deemed otherwise. The parents and grandparents have the sympathy of their hosts of friends. The funeral took place on Dec. 29th.

Mrs. C. H. Martz Dead.

Mrs. Mary M. Martz, wife of Charles H. Martz, died Sunday December 23rd. at Pine Grove Mills, from pneumonia. She was a daughter of the late George and Elizabeth Billetts and was born at Lamar, Clinton county, October 1st, 1851, and July 1872 was married to C. H. Martz.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

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Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

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The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
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W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

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For Music Lovers

We have for sale the following machines—all guaranteed:—

2 Standard Machines
1 Edison, second-hand

also Records for above, and the Victor and the Columbia

We solicit orders for

Victor Victrolas & Columbia Machines & Records

Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc

Bryan & Rosenhoover
1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

Here and There.

Luther Crissman left Bellefonte Wednesday for Camp Hancock.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, on Linn street, is a victim of the measles.

Holy Communion will be observed in the U. B. church Sunday, Jan. 6th. 1918, both morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keeler, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday in Zion as the guests of Mrs Keeler's parents.

Mrs. Thomas McCafferty arrived at home from Pittsburgh on Saturday where she had been visiting friends.

Van McCulley, of Pittsburgh, was a New Year's guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George VanDyke, on Bishop street.

H. C. Baney and Paul Matiavian of Niagara Falls, spent Christmas at the home of W. W. Bickett, on Bishop street.

Hassell Montgomery, who is doing his bit for Uncle Sam at the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, was home over Christmas.

Mrs. James Lambert and daughter, Miss Hattie, of Greensburg, spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guests of the Misses Lambert, on Pine street.

Mrs. W. B. Mingle, of Centre Hall, has closed up her home and gone to Philadelphia to remain for the winter as the guest of her son, W. Gross Mingle.

Fred Noll, who is in service at the U. S. training school at Great Lakes, Ill., is home for a two weeks furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noll.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert, of Bellefante, spent Wednesday of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Dale of Oak Hall, Mrs. Dale being a sister of Mrs. Lambert.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCafferty, of Bellefonte, took their Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. James McCafferty at Lewistown. They are the parents of Mr. McCafferty.

William Wood, tax collector of Rush township, and who is a prosperous business man of Osceola, was in Bellefonte recently fixing up his duplicate with the County Commissioners.

Edmund Grove, son of County Commissioner Daniel A. Grove, left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Pittsburgh where he met a gentleman of the army and accompanied him to one of the camps in Texas.

Edward Saylor, a nephew of Mrs. Harry Winton, of Scottdale, stopped over in Bellefonte Wednesday of last week on his way home from New York City. He is a very pleasant gentleman and while here had a very nice time.

William McGee, son of the late Reuben McGee, formerly of Bellefonte, his wife and two children, of Wenona, N. J., are visiting at the Huyett home in Centre Hall. Naturally he came to Bellefonte to call on his many friends.

Dominick Judge, train dispatcher for the Bellefonte Central Railroad Co., has been quite ill at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Oscar Gray, on south Thomas street. His ailment borders on pneumonia. His friends hope for his speedy recovery.

We are glad to note that A. G. Morris, one of Bellefonte's oldest and most substantial citizens, has about recovered from an attack that bordered on pneumonia. Although well up in years he has a strong constitution that may be the means of lengthening his day until he rounds out a century.

Monday and Tuesday it was so cold that a fellow was almost afraid to speak lest his breath would freeze. In many places it was 20 to 25 degrees below zero. That's going some, especially when the coal bin is low and it becomes almost necessary to go to bed in the middle of the day to keep from freezing to death.

Friday before Christmas Mrs. W. L. Daggett returned to Bellefonte from a pleasant trip to Elmira and Saturday morning had the misfortune of falling on the icy crossing on High street that crosses Spring street from the Centre County Bank. The ligaments of the ankle were strained making it impossible for her to walk. At first she suffered severe pain but is now getting along nicely.

Among the many presents received by Rev. MacLeod of the United Brethren church, at Christmas time, was one that he particularly values. It was a private communion set of quadruple silver plate, from David Barlett Sr., and his four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Hull, Mrs. C. D. Young, Mrs. Grace Liliedahl and Mrs. Howard Dry, together with two grand-daughters: Miss Anna Hull and Miss Thelma Liliedahl. Mrs. MacLeod was presented with a beautiful crepe de chene waist by her Sunday school class composed of women.

The friends of Col. J. L. Spangler were glad to see him again in Bellefonte after an extended trip to the Pacific coast as a member of a commission sent out by President Wilson to try to settle the difference between capital and labor. In this Col. Spangler had a novel and varied experience and was successful in settling some of the difficulties that are causing so much annoyance to Wilson's war administration. He made quite a number of addresses that seemed to appeal to the commonsense and good judgment of those who were making the trouble.

Good Florida oranges at 20 cents a dozen. This week only. Weaver Bros. grocers.

Miss Flora Love, of Bellefonte, spent her holiday vacation with friends at Centre Hall.

Wilson Ghener, of Scotia, was among the Christmas shoppers in Bellefonte and while in town found time to greet numerous friends.

William Rice, who has been holding a good position in Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte on Monday and is now filling a position in this office.

District Attorney James C. Furst, wife and children went to Williamsport Saturday and became guests of Mrs. Furst's mother, Mrs. Harrar.

Mrs. Charles M. Wall and little son Richard, of Curwensville, are spending the week at Mrs. Wall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. U. Spencer, on Linn Street.

Henry Weaver, of Bellefonte, who during the summer months was engaged in painting county bridges, Tuesday went to work as a guard at the Western Penitentary.

Mrs. Letitia Johnson, of Crafton, and Mrs. William Mitchell and son, Joseph Irvin Mitchell, of Barbourville, Ky., visited for a part of last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Potts Green.

This Thursday morning the thermometer registered 22 degrees below zero, the result being that Prof. Jonas Wagner was compelled to abandon school at the new building on North Allegheny street.

Miss Sue Garner, sister of Mrs. Willis Bottorf, left Bellefonte Wednesday morning for Philadelphia, where she has accepted a position. She is a trained nurse and as such has been very successful.

Miss Grace Marvin, the High street milliner, left Bellefonte before Christmas to spend several weeks with her friends and relatives in Binghamton, N. Y. Her Business was left in charge of Miss Lamb.

Robert Bennison, of Marion Township, was a business visitor in town on New Year's Day. "Bob" is just naturally so genial that every day with him is as full of sunshine as the sunniest day in June.

John Smith, son of ex-register Frank Smith, and Malcolm Wetzler, son of Frank Wetzler, of Milesburg, arrived home Saturday and left Monday. They are on the battleship Minnesota that is somewhere in the South.

Miss Blanche Houser, one of the stand-by compositors in Bellefonte, after a pleasant visit among friends and relatives in Penns valley, returned home Monday and this week is helping to get The Republican to its readers.

Luther Crissman, who had been in Bellefonte on a furlough left Saturday again for Camp Hancock. He telegraphed for an extension of time but receiving no word he took it for granted that the only thing he could do was to report.

Ellis Keller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, who is helping the United States to put the cleaner on the Kaiser, by acting as an officer in training men at State College for the army left Friday morning on a little vacation to Pittsburgh.

Thomas Chapman, who for the last few years has been an accountant at the Western Penitentary, has resigned and about the 15th of this month will move his family from Bellefonte to Pittsburg where he has secured a position with an accounting company.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Williams, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent Christmas in Bellefonte as guests of Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lyon. Mr. Williams is a brother of Mrs. Sim Baum and a son of postmaster George C. Williams, of Lemont.

Howard Thompson, general superintendent of the State-Centre Electric Co., and his family of Bellefonte, spent the past week in Philadelphia and Tuesday morning witnessed the big mummers parade which is the chief event in the city on the opening day of each year.

"Jack" Hoover, the genial Y. M. C. A. secretary at State College, has resigned for the purpose of going to France, where he will do association work in the trenches under the auspices of the War Council of the Young Men's Christian Association. He has been in Bellefonte quite often and his friends here wish him great success in his arduous and dangerous field of labor.

During the recent illness of the venerable A. G. Morris a letter of inquiry reached Bellefonte from William Young, better known as "Billy Young," of Philadelphia, who is 95 years of age and as spry as if but 60 years of age. He writes a very legible hand and is a man of wonderful activity for his age. Mr. Morris is 83 years years of age and these two gentlemen have been close friends ever since they were young men.

A short time ago Mrs. Laura Snyder, of State College, left Bellefonte on the train for Dakota with the purpose of making her home with her son, John Marshall Snyder, who went out several years ago. When she reached his home she found her daughter-in-law very ill. They then had hopes of her recovery but a turn came for the worse and she died. She left an infant child. Her death will be greatly lamented by her many friends at State College and other places where she was known.

Start the New Year right by subscribing for "The Republican." It contains all the news.

W. P. Humes returned Friday morning from a business trip to Philadelphia and New York City.

We were glad to receive a Christmas greeting from our old friend, Phil Garbrick, now residing at Kane. Here's to you, Phil., with a Happy New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, who now reside in Chicago, visited over Christmas with Mrs. Gibson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook. Mr. Gibson has returned to Chicago.

Among the recent visitors in Bellefonte Christmas were Harvey McClure and wife of Oil City, the former being a son of Mr. and Mrs. James McClure. Lawrence McClure and wife of Renovo were also here.

W. O. Bennett, one of the managers in the State Road department, Bellefonte, has been all smiles the last few days and his friends have been wondering what was the cause. Well, Monday evening a little daughter came to grace the home and thereby hangs the tale.

James Lane, a Bellefonte boy who is making good at Letonia, Indiana, was home for a day during Christmas week. "Jim," is in the coal and coke business and has all the appearance of prosperity. It is more than twenty years ago since he left Bellefonte to engage in business.

The fellow in Bellefonte who had turkey for Christmas was fortunate as this was truly a luxury. Among these was Dr. J. E. Ward, the dentist. Among those who sat at the bountiful table was the local scribe of the Republican, and we can say there was no conservation of food, especially with the writer.

Miss Mollie Snyder left Sunday before Christmas for Baltimore, Md., where she intended to spend several weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Cook, the latter being a sister. She also closed up her millinery store until she would return. She is just about as liable to spend four weeks visiting as two.

William Walker the Bellefonte fish and oyster dealer, furnished the Western Penitentiary at Rockview, with thirty-eigt gallons of oysters which were prepared for the prisoners on Christmas. They wanted clams but Mr. Walker was unable to fill the order on account of their scarcity. "Billy" is always on the job but he can't do the impossible. The oysters, however, filled the bill very nicely.

Congressman Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, has announced that he will not be a candidate for renomination.

Game Warden Charles Batchelor of Philipsburg who is quite well known in Bellefonte, has about recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Some time ago Charles Hughes, of Bellefonte, one of the professors at the Academy, sprained his back. He has been the patient of some of the best physicians in the country and failed to get relief. Monday morning he left for Youngstown to consult "Bonesetter" Reese who has a national reputation for curing troubles of this character. Thousands of people have gone there on crutches and have left without them. It is to be hoped that Charles will find a permanent cure, as the injury has been giving him considerable trouble and inconvenience.

—"and here's your Ætna check"

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Ætna check for $250 every four weeks.

I've had some siege of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Knew, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the $15,000 they'd get, in indemnity and increases, from my ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks $200 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then $25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

ÆTNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you—and I wanted to do the right thing by Sue and the kids. Besides, it costs so little. Write, call or 'phone today.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Potts Green desire to return their thanks to the many friends who by mail and in person presented congratulations to them on their sixtieth wedding anniversary on Dec. 27, 1917.

First Lieut. Vincent Taylor, son of Col. H. S. Taylor, left Tuesday morning to join his regiment at Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C. The indications are that some time during this month he will be ordered to France.

Edward James of near Tyrone, for several years a fireman on the P. R. R., yard engine in Bellefonte, was in town recently. Several months ago he had the misfortune of having his hand injured while working in the Cambria Steel works at Johnstown. The hand has healed but is so stiff that it is impossible for him to close it.

S. A. McQuistion, one of the oldest residents in Bellefonte, is now quite ill at his residence on West High street. On his last birthday he was 87 years of age. He came to Bellefonte about 1858 and has been here ever since. He soon became one of the most successful business men and a man who has earnestly watched the progress of the town. It is to be hoped that his illness at this time may not lead to any serious results.

Willis Boland, who for a number of years has been superintendent of the plant of the State-Centre Electric Co., located at Milesburg, has resigned and gone to Chambersburg where he has accepted a position which is only eleven miles from Shippensburg his old home. His place is being filled by Jesse Sowers.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

SPECIALS THIS WEEK AT
Weaver Brothers Store

CALIFORNIA PEACHES

Golden Spike Brand, Good Quality	2 lbs. 25c.
California English Walnuts	30c. lb.
Almonds	25c. lb.

WEAVER BROTHERS
Quality Grocers - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Look up, and not down;
look out, and not in;
look forward, and not back;
and lend a hand.

THIS motto of a famous society, written by Edward Everett Hale, is a good one for us today.

"Happy New Year" with the world still burdened with war, may seem hard to say. It will be, if we look backward. But if we look forward, we can think and plan a happy new year; and "lend a hand" to make it so.

We extend this wish to all our friends, and customers, and everybody else--

A Happy New Year

MONTGOMERY & CO.

BELLEFONTE STATE COLLEGE

Christmas "Waits" Sing

SANTA CLAUS being about to desert the city streets for his annual reindeer ride over the roofs, the "waits" prepare to sing their centuries old carols.

In several American cities has been revived the beautiful old custom of the "waits" going about from house to house singing the familiar old songs. Light the Christmas candles in your window if you want them to stop before your home!

God rest you merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay—

they will surely sing that, perhaps the best known of all old English carols. And this too:

Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn king.

And, of course, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Perhaps, too, they will sing what is said to be the earliest known Christmas carol, dating from the Anglo-Norman days of the thirteenth century, which begins:

Lordlings, listen to our lay—
We have come from far away
To seek Christmas.
In this mansion we are told
He his yearly feasts doth hold;
'Tis today!
May joy come from God above
To all those who Christmas love.

This carol ends with the toast of those days:

"Here, then, I bid you all wassail, cursed be he who will not say drinkhail." Wassail" meaning your health and "drinkhail" being the usual and courteous acknowledgment.

One of the best known of all the old carols, although not one of the oldest, was written by Nahum Tate in 1703 and is called the "Song of the Angels." It begins:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Many are the carols in which Britain's ancient holly figures. "Then drink to the holly berry," pledges one writer of songs, while another in "Under the Holy Bough" summons "All ye

Singing at the Doors.

who have scorned each other or injured friend or brother, come gather here."

And then there's that grand old hymn "Adeste Fideles," sung in every church in this land and in others, at this Christmas season:

Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant!
Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem!

Christmas would not be Christmas, of course, if the "waits" were to neglect one other of the most beautiful of old carols:

Holy night, peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light.
Holy night, peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light!
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

If there are any of you who have in mind an after Christmas dinner evening of song to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, a spinet, a lute or a piano or even the modern and much advertised disk machine, it might be well to try this on the company:

"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."
Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! The herald angles sing,
Glory to the newborn king!

A Present for Santa Claus

By ELINOR MARSH

EDWINA'S mother was busy putting mince pies into the oven, so she did not notice the little girl when she passed through the room. Edwina wore her warm winter coat and tam-o'-shanter, and her fat fingers were snuggled up in red mittens.

"I've got Christmas errands to do, mother," said Edwina when she reached the door. "Tomorrow's Christmas, and I'm going to buy a present for Santa Claus."

"Well, I declare " Mrs. Ray sank into a chair and began to laugh. "A present for Santa Claus himself?"

"A real present. I've got 12 cents. I earned this money my own self, and—and I want to buy something for Santa with my own money."

"Very well, dear. I am sure Santa Claus will be pleased enough to be remembered. You had better go to Smith's store."

"All right," called Edwina as she went out.

It was snowing a little—just little, light, floating flakes like tiny feathers. Inside the kitchen it had been warm and cozy, with a delicious smell of mince meat, fresh cookies and apples. Outside it was cold, and the stinging snowflakes made her cheeks tingle.

"What can I do for you, Edwina?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I want a pair of slippers—for a man," said Edwina, primly.

"What size?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very big ones," said Edwina in a grownup's manner.

"Hum!" smiled Mr. Smith in a mysterious way. "Well, you can change them after Christmas if they don't fit."

Edwina wondered if Santa Claus could come all the way back from the

"Santa Has Taken the Book and Candy!" She Cried.

north pole just to change a pair of slippers, but she said nothing until Mr. Smith showed her a very large pair of flowered slippers.

How good old Santa would enjoy those comfortable slippers!

"Will 12 cents be enough?" asked Edwina, anxiously.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Smith. "Twelve cents? No, Edwina. The price of these slippers is $2."

"I—guess I won't take them," faltered Edwina as she left the store.

Edwina hurried away from Smith's store and went to a little 10 cent store. Here were all sorts of things she could buy with her money, but it was hard to choose something Santa Claus might like. There were books—such nice stories, too. One in particular, called "Patty and Her Pitcher," was so delightful that Edwina was sure Santa Claus would like it. So she paid 10 cents for that, and with the remaining 2 cents she bought two sticks of red and white striped candy.

When she showed these things to her father and mother they did not even smile, but they said they were sure Santa Claus would be pleased.

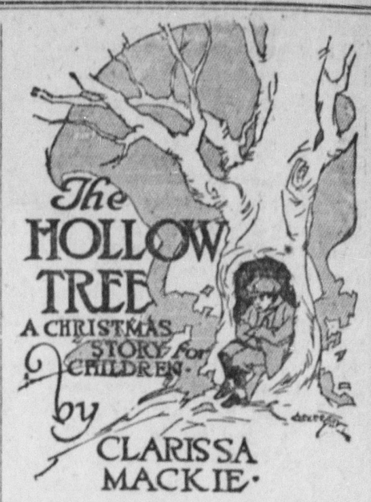
"I shall hang a stocking for Santa and put these things in it," said Edwina, and on the stocking she pinned a note saying:

"From a little girl who loves you."

She went happily to bed, and the next thing Edwina knew it was Christmas morning. She hopped out of bed and ran into the warm living room to see if Santa had been there.

What a wonderful array of toys—dolls and doll house and furniture, books and games and toy dishes, a little fur muff and a rocking chair and so many other things!

Edwina clapped her hands and jumped for joy. "Santa has taken the book and candy!" she cried, and then she found a little note signed "Santa Claus." "Thank you, dear little Edwina, and a Merry Christmas to you," it read.



NED WAYNE kicked his toes against the door.

"Say, mother, can't I go skating?" he asked.

"Not today, son," said Mrs. Wayne. "It is Christmas eve, and I want you to go into the woods and get some laurel and evergreens to trim the house. The servants are all busy with the housework."

"Aw, bother!" whined Ned.

"Dear me, Neddy, that is not a nice spirit to show at Christmas time," sighed his mother, for she was much worried about her little boy's selfish spirit. Ned had a beautiful home and fond parents, but he seemed to love his own way above everything else.

Took a Few Turns Around the Pond.

So when finally Ned, sulkily enough, took a hatchet and went toward the woods his mother did not see that he had his skates hidden under his thick overcoat.

When he reached the pond he found all the skaters had gone home, for who wants to skate on Christmas eve when there are so many other delightful things to do?

So Ned took a few turns around the pond, knowing all the time that he was disobeying his mother and feeling very unhappy all the while.

By and by he took off his skates and went to the woods to cut some laurel branches. It was snowing very hard now, and he had to work fast, because by this time it was growing dark in the woods.

At last his arms were full, and he staggered along through the snow trying to find the path, but the snow had covered it up completely.

A Great Tree With a Hollow Trunk.

Ned was lost in the woods on Christmas eve! He began to cry, and the tears froze on his cheeks. Right beside him was a great oak tree, with a hollow trunk. There was a narrow opening in the trunk, and poor, cold, tired, lost Ned squeezed his way through the opening and found it snug and warm inside, with a thick bed of dry leaves. He stopped up the opening with branches of evergreen, and that kept the wind and snow out.

It was very lonesome in the hollow tree. Somewhere an owl was hooting, and again he heard some four-footed animal (perhaps a fox) go pat-patting over the snow. He was not exactly frightened, but it surely was very lonesome.

Sometimes he slept and dreamed of his nice warm home; and he thought of his good, kind parents and how worried they would be, and he resolved never again to disobey them.

Found All the Beautiful Gifts.

After a while he slept and was awakened by the sound of the church bells ringing in the glad Christmas tidings.

Then he heard voices calling his name, and he shouted back, and presently he was in his father's arms.

When Ned woke up on Christmas morning and found all the beautiful gifts that Santa Claus had brought to him he registered a vow that when next Christmas came around he would be worthy of all the blessings that were showered on him.

And his parents always said, "Neddie has never been the same since he spent the night in the hollow tree."

Bob Stillwell's Christmas

By ANNE CAREW

BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas, for it was only three days away.

"I can't give a thing!" he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year. The Stillwell children would be lucky if they all had mittens and warm shoes and stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him.

Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the woodshed door and looked at the result of his labors.

There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real

He Saw the Grandest New Sled.

wall paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screweyes in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and, behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his mother he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I sent you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned I think Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made with his own hands that he stood smiling, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby; look!" screamed little Peter.

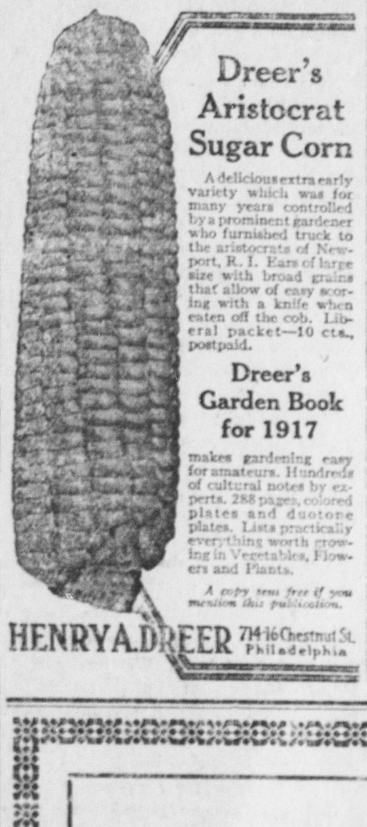
Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it together. And there was a red woolen muffler that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought him.

HOW TO USE COAL PROPERLY

House Should Not Be Allowed to Become So Warm That Doors and Windows Are Opened.

If you want to save coal never allow the house to get so hot that you have to throw open the windows and doors. Thermostats are cheap these days. They automatically slow down the fire when the temperature is rising to the uncomfortable point.

To get the most out of the heat in coal, the house air should be changed once an hour. Arrangements for such a change should have been made when the house was built. But if that was overlooked when the house was built you can get the change of air in several ways, says a writer in the American Magazine. I do not believe in getting this result by having loose windows, as we used to do on the farm. I prefer tight windows, carefully weather-stripped. If that has not been arranged for, or if the cost is too great, I find that storm windows are relatively cheap. Then, air slots which let in air when you want it are good.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

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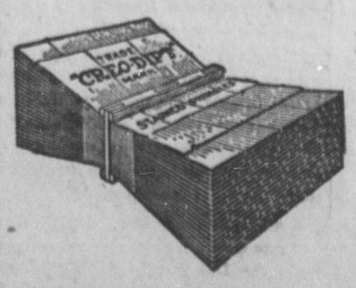

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Times

A Lesson In Christmas Spirit

It was the day before Christmas last year. All my shopping had been done (or so I thought) when I suddenly remembered hearing my eldest son, a lad of eight years, say, "Oh, I hope Santa will bring me a harmonicon this Christmas," says a writer in the New York Evening Sun.

Of course I could not disregard such a wish, and, although it was raining, I put on my storm coat and rubbers and with umbrella in hand started out for one of our large department stores.

On arriving at the counter where this particular article was displayed I found every one so busy I could not

The Two Boys Looked at Me.

get attention for some time, and while waiting my turn I noticed two sadly neglected looking little boys of about six and eight years respectively standing very close to the counter and looking, oh, so longingly at these same harmonicons, when suddenly one of the young saleswomen turned sharply around and in a loud voice said, "Now, then, if you two boys don't get away from here at once I'll call the floorwalker and have you arrested." At the time this sudden attack was made upon these poor little waifs I was holding in my hands two of these same musical instruments, trying to decide which of the two kinds I would take.

The larger one of the boys looked up at me with a frightened look, as if to say, "Oh, we didn't mean to steal anything," when I said, "Boys, would you each like one of these harmonicons?" They said nothing, but the look of surprise (gratitude they knew nothing of) when I put one in each boy's dirty little hands I shall not forget to my dying day, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" they were out of the store and out of sight. I turned to the young woman, saying, "I will pay for them," when I noticed the tears in her eyes.

When she finally found her voice she said, "Oh, madam, I am so sorry I spoke as I did." "Well, never mind," I said; "you didn't understand. I am the mother of two boys and know what a boy craves." When she handed me my change and package she said, "I shall never forget this day; it has taught me a lesson."

Tuning Up For Christmas.

With a whirl and a swirl and a terrible roar
It blew in at evening from an arctic shore;
Traffic it blocked and the treacherous street
Glitters and twinkles with silvery sleet.

Dolls in armies and soldiers a-plenty
Gifts for kiddies and sweet and twenty,
Gifts for grannies and aunties and dads,
Gifts for using and losing and fads!
Gifts for nurses and chauffeurs and cooks,
Gifts for bookworms, who read all their books!

Gifts for sinners and sneerers and saints,
Tops for spinners and pastels and paints.
Music, mechanical, mirrors or lamps,
Turkeys for orphans and newsboys and tramps.

Gifts that are fluffy and gifts that are grim;
A necklace for Jessie, a scarfpin for Jim.
Full sets of the classics and gleaming gold pieces
Suitable—very—for sweet little nieces.
Calendars, virtuous, witty or wise,
Flowers and bonbons and puddings and pies!

Cynics there be who deride and defy them,
But we, in our dreams, even buy them and tie them!
As ever old winter, with snowdrift and sleet,
Transmutes the whole town into Santa Claus street!
—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn in New York Times.

SCOT BEATS LAW BY A NOSE

Thirsty Sandy, in Wild Race Against Time, Arrives on Quarter Minute and Gets His Drink.

Writing in Everybody's, Maude Radford Warren enumerates some amusing incidents showing the effects of limited war prohibition in England. One evening the author witnessed the following race against time that was staged near Victoria station, London, at an hour when traffic is thickest:

"Presently a shouting and cursing arose at the center of the intersecting streets. People turned, peering and gaping. Streaking straight through the traffic, regardless of thundering trucks and sliding cabs and obstructing pedestrians, came a Scotchman. His eyes were glassy and staring; his kilts were flying; his knees were twinkling. On he came, straight for the public house. If he could get a hand on a glass of his national vodka by 9:29½, he was saved. Would he make it? A group of ribald Americans cheered him on, yelling at him in race track fashion. His fellow Scotchmen silently made way for him, and some of them even pushed people out of his path. But they did not cheer; it was a matter too deep for sounds. On came Sandy; panting, glaring, he leaped through the door, and a sympathizer from over the seas who followed him reported that 9:29¾ he had a strong Highland paw curled around three fingers of Scotch. The early closing law, thanks to good sprinting, had been respected—but nevertheless, the trench had been taken and the day saved."

MAY KEEP ENGAGEMENT RING

Jersey City Judge Rules in Favor of Girl Whose Intended Sought Return of Sparkler.

There can be no Indian givers on the Jersey side of the Hudson, so ruled a judge in Jersey City, writes a New York correspondent. As a result of the decision a young swain is out a $150 diamond ring, which he wanted a blue-eyed, petite blonde to return to him.

The two were engaged, and, according to custom, he placed the sparkler in question on her left hand. They then quarreled because she, according to his testimony, preferred the tango, jazz and foxtrot to sitting on a sofa and discussing their future. Therefore he broke off the engagement and demanded his presents back.

The judge was called upon to decide whether an engagement ring was a gift outright or merely a gift contingent upon the fulfillment of a promise to wed. The court then arranged a little "Solomon judgment" skit that worked to perfection, so far as the judge and the young woman were concerned.

The Matterhorn.

The Matterhorn was the favorite peak of those who "went in" for the hazardous sport of mountain climbing in the Swiss Alps. Now reports say that there is no more mountain climbing being done. It is easy enough to guess why, writes Niksah. For those who went around the world looking for hazardous occupations before the war there is now no need to make extended search, to stop at expensive hotels, or to hire a retinue of guides. Nineteen nations offer the adventurer more or less of a salary along with board, lodging and hospital facilities for the pleasure of risking his neck. No wonder mountain climbing has fallen off.

There are those who say that it will never again regain its old high estate. They rather think aviation will attract most of the devotees who survive the war. But your true mountaineer laughs at such a suggestion. For him there is no thrill to replace the one he feels as he swings by his fingertips over a 500-foot drop.

Origin of Life on Planets.

The many speculations that have been published concerning the origin of life on the earth and on any other bodies in the universe where it may possibly exist usually assume that, in some way or other, "life germs" are transported across the gulfs of space from one planet to another. Thus it has been suggested that life may have been brought to the earth in meteors. One of the most recent suggestions is that minute "life germs" may escape from the atmosphere of a planet in which life exists, just as molecules of the atmospheric gases are believed to escape from our terrestrial atmosphere, and may be driven by light-pressure to some world where physical conditions have become suitable to support life. While there is nothing essentially absurd in these hypotheses, it is not clear why their authors should take it for granted that life cannot originate de novo on a cooling planet.—Scientific American.

The No-Breakfast Plan.

The breakfast-eating habit often creates an abnormal stomachic condition, says Physical Culture Magazine. If one is in perfect health, and arises with a keen appetite for breakfast, there will be no occasion for omitting the meal. There are, however, but few in perfect health, and the omission of breakfast gives the stomach a chance to adjust itself. It has an opportunity to develop a keen appetite for the particular character of nourishment most needed by the body at that time. The no-breakfast plan is a splendid means of properly adjusting one's appetite, both as to quantity and character of food.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

Christmas Tree For the Birds

Mr. and Mrs. Song Sparrow, the Misses Flicker, Cock Robin, Miss Jennie Wren, Sir Woodpecker and other members of the feathered Four Hundred who were lured by warm days at beginning of one winter into stopping with us, only to find themselves sadly hit later by the high cost of living, were thrown into a flutter of excitement by cards issued by Miss Louise Laidlaw of Sands Point, N. Y., to a birds' Christmas tree party.

It was held in the bird sanctuary on the Laidlaw place, near the commodious home built for bird tenants in a sheltering elm there. The tree was the finest ever.

For days little Miss Louise was busy in the pauses of her lessons, stringing

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

cranberries, popcorn, nuts and other dainties beloved of birds. Strings of red skinned apples, cut into tiny pieces convenient for birds to peck at, were a prominent feature of the decorations, and so were bacon rinds and lumps of suet, which are good to keep warmth in the little bodies when the cold creeps under their feathered coats.

Miss Louise, who spent most of her time in the country, studied the ways of the birds and their likings, and she knew that they are as strongly attracted by bright colored things as are children. That is why the tree was made pretty with gay tinted berries.

There was a large attendance, and no birds were turned away, no matter how shabby their coats or disreputable their reputations. The blustering little English sparrows were welcomed with the rest, although they tried to bully the others. Even grouchy old Sir Crow was permitted to peck a bit.

The Spanish Santa Claus.

In Spain, however, it is not Santa Claus, but one of the three kings, no less a person, indeed, than Balthasar, who is the purveyor of gifts. He is always represented as a negro, even in the pictures of the old masters, and as such he survives in Spanish legend. On the eve of the Epiphany the children leave their shoes and boots out in some convenient spot near the chimney, to find them laden with gifts in the morning. Boots, in fact, preceded the stocking everywhere, the superior advantages of the latter as a receptacle having been a recent discovery. In Belgium to this day the children give their shoes an extra fine polish on Christmas eve, fill them with hay, oats or carrots for Santa Claus' white horse and put them on the table or set them in the fireplace. The room is then carefully closed and the door locked. In the morning a strange thing is found to have occurred. The furniture is all turned topsy turvy, the fodder has been removed from the shoes, and in its place the good little children find all sorts of nice things and the bad ones only rods made of birch. In other localities baskets, dishes and wooden ware are made the receptacles. But the elasticity of the stocking, its adaptability and the fact that, while it preserves the individuality of the owner like a shoe, it may yet be cleaned and made ready for the reception of edible presents—these characteristics have caused it to grow into general favor among the juvenile votaries of Santa Claus.

Derived From Days of Yore.

It is a beautiful arrangement and derived from the days of yore that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose, of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again.—Washington Irving.

Christmas Seals

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was only a few days before Christmas, and little Amy Wells was so happy. The teacher had given her some Red Cross seals to sell, and when Miss Smith had distributed the red and white and green seals among her scholars she had explained to them all about the purpose of the Red Cross society and how the money earned would be used to help the wounded soldiers.

And she had not sold one single, solitary stamp of her twenty-five!

How she had trudged around from door to door, only to meet the same kind smile and shake of the head! Amy told her mother, and when Mrs. Wells offered to buy all the stamps herself the little girl shook her head.

"I ought to be able to sell them outside my home, mother, dear," she said. "That would be real work."

Mrs. Wells sighed and smiled. She couldn't very well afford to buy even the twenty-five stamps that Amy wanted to sell, for every penny was needed in that little household. Mr. Wells had died a year or two before, and Amy's mother had to sew for a living. She was very busy, for she was trying to finish some work so as to receive the money in time to buy something for Christmas.

"Kiss me, little daughter," Mrs. Wells said, with a smile, "and then carry this dress up to Miss Granger on the hill."

The Grangers lived in a big house at the top of the hill. It was quite the largest house in Little River, and the three ladies lived there alone with two servants. They were Miss Belle Granger, Miss Lucy and Miss Beth. They were not very young, but they were very kind and sweet.

The maid admitted Amy to the front hall, all warm and glowing from a great fire on the hearth.

"How do you do, Amy? Wouldn't you like one of these little mince

"I Hope You Will Have a Happy Christmas," Miss Lucy Said.

tarts?" And there was Miss Beth Granger with a plate of mince tarts.

"Oh, thank you!" gasped Amy as she took one.

"Wait a moment and Annie will wrap it in a paper napkin so you can carry it home," said Miss Beth as she pressed a button for the maid. But when Annie came with the paper napkin, which was all gay with holly and Christmas bells, Miss Ruth put all the mince tarts in it and gave it to Amy.

"Oh, thank you so much!" repeated Amy, thinking how her mother would enjoy the tarts. "Mother sent the dress."

"My sister is trying it on," said Miss Beth. "Wait a moment, Amy, and I will get the money for you."

She had just disappeared when Miss Lucy Granger came bustling through the hall. "I wonder if you would mail these little packages for me, Amy?" she said. "I am so provoked because I have used up my Christmas seals."

"Of course I will mail the packages, Miss Lucy," said Amy; then she added shyly, "I—I have some Christmas seals if you would like them."

"You have? How very fortunate!"

Amy told her about the seals and how she had been unable to sell even one of them. To her great joy Miss Lucy bought the whole twenty-five and put the money in Amy's pocketbook, together with a bright silver quarter for herself. "I hope you will have a very happy Christmas, dear," Miss Lucy said.

The next day Amy took the Red Cross money to her teacher, and Miss Smith told her she had done very well.

Early Christmas morning the Granger auto car stopped before the Wells door, and the chauffeur brought in a great basket for Mrs. Wells. There was a new dress for Amy, with a warm cloak for her mother, besides a cunning doll. The bottom of the basket was filled with good things to eat.

"My Christmas week began with tears," laughed Amy as bright drops fell on her round cheeks, "and it is ending in tears too!"

"Tears of happiness, darling," said her mother.

"A Visit From St. Nicholas"

WHAT is the best known poem in the world? Not Gray's "Elegy," nor "The Song of the Shirt," nor "The Raven," but "The Night Before Christmas." The author is not so well known as his poem.

One recent Christmas the name of Clement Clarke Moore was honored as never before. Above his grave in the chapel of Holy Trinity cemetery, New York, the choir boys sang carols on the night before Christmas, and a service of light was held. This beautiful ceremonial starts with a procession of torchbearers whose torches are kindled from the leader's flame, and as the line winds through the graveyard the fire is passed back from one to another until the lights grow in number and dispel the surrounding darkness.

The father of Clement Clarke Moore was once the bishop of New York.

"The Night Before Christmas" was published originally without the author's knowledge in the Troy Sentinel two days before Christmas, 1823. Moore had written it the preceding Christmas just for the delight of his own children, but its circulation slipped beyond the family circle, and an unknown friend sent it for publication. The Sentinel readers paid no attention to it, and it passed without comment until seven years later, when the same paper reprinted it. The second reception was very different from the first. "A Visit From St. Nicholas," as it was then entitled, was copied broadcast, and its author awoke to find his work, if not himself, famous.

Although Clement Clarke Moore was educated for the ministry, he never took orders. For the greater part of his life he was identified with the New York General Theological seminary, being professor of Biblical learning and Greek and later of oriental languages.

Clement Moore's family life had many sorrows. His wife died at the early age of thirty-five, and the two little daughters, for whom he wrote "The Night Before Christmas," both died in their childhood. His son and namesake lived to the age of sixty-eight and is buried in the family plot.

When "The Night Before Christmas" was first published in the Troy Sentinel the editor wrote:

"We do not know to whom we are indebted for the following description

The "Service of Light."

of that unwearied patron of children, that homely but delightful personification of parental kindness, Santa Claus, his custom and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the firesides of this happy land, laden with Christmas bounties, but from whomsoever it may have come we give thanks for it. There is to our apprehension a spirit of cordial goodness in it, a playfulness as of fancy and a benevolent alacrity to enter into the feelings and promote the simple pleasures of children which are altogether charming. We hope our little patrons, both lads and lassies, will accept it as a proof of our unfeigned good will toward them, a token of our warmest wish that they may have many a merry Christmas; that they may long retain their beautiful relish for these unbought, home bred joys, which derive their flavor from filial piety and fraternal love and which, they may be assured, are the least alloyed that time can furnish them."—Philadelphia Press.

Christmas Song.

Oh, Christmas is a happy time,
When human hearts are light
And human hate have vanished
And all the world looks bright!

And Christmas is a solemn time,
For back long, long ago,
Christ was born to give the world
The joy that we now know.

But not alone at Christmas time
Is happiness and cheer,
For he who really loves the Lord
Hath Christmas all the year.
—H. K. Sad[illegible]

Orphans to Rent—A Children's Christmas Story

IT was Christmas eve at the Bayville Home for Orphans, and three little boys sat in the chilly dining room looking out at the flying flakes of snow. It was after supper, and there was a clatter of dishes in the kitchen.

"They say," said Jimmy, "there's going to be a big Christmas tree in the parlor tomorrow, and candy and presents and everything, but I'd rather hang up my stocking than have all the old Christmas trees. You betcha I would!"

"So would I!" echoed Bobby and George.

"That trustee who was here today would make a dandy man for a father or an uncle," said Bobby.

"He's awful rich."

"And he ain't got any children or any folks at all."

"I wish he'd 'dopt me," reflected George. "He patted my head."

Hurried Across the Snowy Yard.

"He must be lonesome without any folks," began Bobby. Then he leaned over and whispered to his companions.

Fifteen minutes later three little boys, the oldest ten and the youngest six, let themselves through a basement door and hurried across the snowy yard to the opening in the hedge which led through a patch of woods to the village.

Mr. Bartley, the trustee, who often visited the home, lived in a big house with a wonderful garden. Everything was blanketed in snow now, and the big house was dark save for a few lighted windows on the lower floor.

Soon they stood on the porch peering in at a cozy library, where Mr. Bartley sat in a big chair before the fire, looking very lonesome. A big dog, a collie, sat beside him with his head on his master's knee.

The Dog Lifted His Head and Barked.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head and barked. Mr. Bartley looked toward the window and saw the three little frightened boy faces peering in. In a jiffy he had jumped up, opened the window and lifted them in one at a time.

"Good gracious me! What are you doing out there?" he demanded.

"Please, sir, we're from the home," said Bobby. "We knew you lived all alone—and—we thought maybe—you'd like to hire us three kids to spend Christmas with you. We don't want any tree," explained Bobby. "We just want to hang up our stockings and wake up—something like home—before we came to the 'sylum." Tears were in the boys' eyes now.

Mr. Bartley flourished a handkerchief and tried to laugh, but his voice cracked so queerly.

"Now, that's a funny thing," he declared. "I was just wishing I had three nice boys to spend Christmas with me—and maybe live with me all the time."

By and by Mr. Bartley called a manservant, and together they took the three little boys up to bed.

Then they hung their stockings on the corners of the big four-post bedstead, and in two minutes they were sound asleep, while the servant, Martin, nodded in a chair outside in the hall and Mr. Bartley, buttoned into a fur-lined overcoat, went striding down the snowy street to the brightly lighted shops.

In Two Minutes They Were Asleep.

I don't know who was the happier that Christmas morning, the three little boys with stockings full of treasures or big Mr. Bartley, whom they called "Uncle Dick." And the best of it all was that Mr. Bartley adopted all three of the little lads who came to him that Christmas eve, and they are growing up into such fine, big boys.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills

Now we enter 1918.

Gwhiz but its cold !

24 below zero Sunday morning.

The famous White Horse made his rounds on the first, so that many changes are expected April 1st.

Master Lee, son of Charles Homan, is ill from coal oil poisoning. The little chap found a bottle of the fluid on the shelf and drank it.

Little John, son of J. H. Hoover, in the Glades, was coasting with several of his brothers when the sled upset and broke his left leg below the knee. Dr. Woods adjusted the fracture and the lad is getting along very nicely.

Dan Jackson had a tumble and fractured his right arm above the wrist.

James I. Thompson is shy one of his best horses that was sent to peace by the bullet route. The horse fell in the stable and broke a leg in two places.

Mrs. W. G. G'Bryan has been very ill from pulmonary trouble the past ten days. Her cousin, Mrs. Coll, is attending to her needs while she is recovering.

At a recent meeting of the school board George Burwell was elected teacher of the Kepler school, vice Mrs. Martz resigned.

S. E. Ward, wife and sister Ritta, in his new car, motored to Bellefonte Monday on a shopping expedition.

A. J. Zimmerman, editor of the State College Times, spent the Yuletide at his old home at Lewisburg.

Mrs. Mary Brouse closed her home Monday and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Speer, in Bellefonte.

A New Year's dinner was served at the A. C. Kepler home in the Glades. The menu was of the choicest. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bierly were honor guests.

Boyd Gardner came here from Illinois to enlist in the Coast Artillery and help lick Kaiser Bill.

Union services will be held in the M. E. church beginning Sunday evening, the 6th, and continuing all week.

Monday the embargo was lifted on our railroad. Supt. Thomas has promised to relieve the congested condition.

Mrs. Annie Tate, of State College, spent the last of the old year in town looking after her real estate.

Rev. H. N. Walker, a theological student at Susquehanna University, very ably filled the pulpit in the Lutheran church last Sunday evening. He took for his text, "A city on a hill cannot be hidden." His sermon was deeply interesting and impressed all who were privileged to hear him.

The Pine Grove Red Cross auxiliary now has 118 members. During the Christmas period 71 new members were enrolled.

Citizens of Pine Grove Mills sent by express a bale of clothing to the Armenian sufferers.

Comrade John Hamilton was called to Ohio last week to lay at rest one of his sisters.

On the evening of Dec. 27th Mrs. Annie, wife of J. A. Fortney, gave him a surprise party at which some eighty friends and neighbors were present. He was the recipient of many valuable gifts. The visitors were served with a splendid supper, after which games were enjoyed and all had a fine time. Mr. Fortney had the surprise of his life.

Last Friday Drs. Locke and Dale were called in consultation with resident physician, Dr. Woods, relative to the condition of Elizabeth Archey, who has been a sufferer from pneumonia the past month and who has been so critically ill that the little one's life was despaired of. It is hoped that she soon recovers.

Among the home-comers for Christmas season were W. H. Roush, Rev. H. N. Walker, wife and son Ralph, J. H. Evests and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Marts, Miss Edith Dunlap. Soldier boys home on furlough were George Irvin, Ralph Dunlap, W. S. Ward, Wallace Archey, Paul Tate and George Snyder.

The annual meeting of the Joint Council will be held in the Lutheran church Saturday, Jan. 5th, at 10 A. M. The following among the newly elected officers will be installed : D. L. Denius, elder ; S. G. Elder and Earnest Trostel, deacons, and Samuel Hess, trustee.

Saturday evening, Dec. 22nd, the members of the I. W. T. band, at Rock Springs, gave their president, Sarah McWilliams, a real birthday surprise party at her home. The main crowd assembled at a nearby residence and at a given signal marched to the McWilliams home, capturing it and its inmates. After recovering from her surprise Miss Sarah joined in the merriment of the occasion. She was the recipient of numerous handsome and useful gifts. One of many pleasing features was the serving of a delicious supper which the visitors brought with them. The evening was spent in fun and having a good time in general and the visitors departed at a late hour wishing Miss Sarah many happy returns of the day.

Boalsburg.

Frank Fisher, of Altoona, was a recent visitor with his mother, Mrs. E. A. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Johnson, of Washington, D. C., spent Christmas at the T. D. Boal home.

Newton Yarnell, who is employed at Paxtonville, spent Christmas with his family here.

Samuel Roberts and Frank Hunter, of Pitcairn, are spending some time with the former's family here.

Miss Florence Hazel, a student at Allentown, spent her Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J Hazel.

Mrs. Harold Coxey and little daughter, Eleanor, are visiting the former's parents, Prof, and Mrs. H. C. Rothrock, of Port Matilda.

Mrs. George Yarnell and daughter, of Colyer, are visiting at the Newton Yarnell home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fry, of Philadelphia, spent several days last week with Mrs. Fry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kaup.

Mrs. Ernest Hess and son, Robert, of Shingletown, spent Sunday at the Geo. Shugarts home.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Courtney, of Danville, spent several days last week with the former's parents, Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Courtney.

Albert Meyer, of Pittsburgh, spent several days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Meyer.

Mrs. Foster Charles was a recent visitor with relatives at State College.

Mrs. (Dr.) Woods has closed her house and gone to spend the winter months with her daughters, Mrs. James Bryson of Derry, and Mrs. (Dr.) Glenn, of Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller, spent the Christmas season with Mr. Keller's father at Mifflintown.

B. P. Loneberger, of Virginia, is spending some time with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Houtz and daughter have gone to Williamsport, where Mr. Houtz will be employed by the railroad company.

Port Matilda.

Lemon Eller, of Akron, visited relatives and friends in town last week.

Ed Fye and family, of Martinsburg, visited at J. W. Bigelows last week.

J. H. Landis and family visited at Mount Union.

Paul and Aaron Kyler visited relatives in town last week.

Mrs. M. G. Maines spent Christmas with Mrs. Eyler, of Martha.

Miss Esther Gates, of Altoona, visited her aunt, Mrs. W. E. Williams, last week.

Mrs. Pearl Kinney and children, of Altoona, recently visited Mrs. Annie Barry.

Miss Veta Patton, of Tyrone, visited relatives and friends in town last week.

Robert Eaves, of Tyrone, visited friends in town a few days ago.

Mordecai Laird, of Bellwood, visited Mr. Theo. Adams recently.

Paul Weston, of Tyrone, visited his aunt, Mrs. A. L. Cowher, last week.

Fred Laird, of Clearfield, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Laird.

Ray Osman, of Pitcairn, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Osman, on Sunday.

Davis Lewis and Carl west, of Huntingdon, visited A. L. Cowher last week.

Linzy Ross, of Akron is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Ross.

Lewis Rothrock, a student at State College, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rothrock.

Misses Jennie, Hannah, and Mary Williams, of Pittsburgh, visited relatives and friends in town last week.

Miss Edna Williams, of Julian, visited relatives and friends in town.

Miss Katherine Williams, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her father, A. S. Williams.

The entertainment held in the Presbyterian church Monday evening was enjoyed by all who attended.

Woodward.

Mrs. Bertha Bloom and daughter, Miss Vera, from Coburn, were entertained Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Sheesley.

L. L. Weaver transacted business in Altoona a few days last week.

Mrs. Celinda Hosterman and daughter, Miss Lida, are spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. E. S. Stover, in Bloomfield, N. J.

Miss Maude Weaver spent the greater part of last week with relatives in Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Guisewhite are visiting their daughter, Miss Lulu, in Norristown, also the lady's brother, Prof. Charles Kreamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Kreamer spent Christmas at Fairview, at the home of the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Plank.

Among those under the doctor's care are Mrs. Amelia Snyder, Mrs. Lizzie McDowell, Rev. Dosch and Dewey Motz.

Mrs. Phoeby Wise spent a few days last week with her son, Samuel Orndorf, at Coburn.

Jacob Music, who is in training at Camp Meade, Md., spent Christmas with his wife and child.

Fred Guisewhite, from Akron, Ohio, was in town one day last week.

Centre Mills.

While coal is scarce Brush Valley has plenty of wood. Everybody is busy cutting wood to keep from freezing.

Mr. Godshall and son, from Spring Mills, had quite an experience while out on a trip Sunday afternoon. Something went wrong that caused the water to leak from their car and they had to be towed home by the milk truck.

Misses Eva and Edna Bailey were Centre Hall visitors the past week.

Miss Minnie Kline, of this place is at present holding revival services at Forest Hill, near Mifflinburg. She writes that the meetings are well attended, and that there have been a number of seekers.

Earl Cann and sister Nellie visited their grandparents here over Christmas.

Among those who had Christmas dinner at Prof. Godshall's were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kline, Ralph Homan and Lucy Jordan.

Among those who witnessed the fantastic parade were Miss Shuly, Mr. Confer, Clare Best and sister, Mrs. Reish, and Orian Reish. They went as far as Cummings and enjoyed the moonlight walk.

Mr. and Mrs. Reish and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Hackman spent Christmas with a son-in-law, Paul Hackman.

Mrs. Jennie Powers Rogers Dead.

The sad but not unexpected death of Mrs. Jennie Powers Rogers occurred at the home of her sisters, the Misses Anna and Eva Powers, on East Lamb street, at 4 p. m., Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30th, 1917, after an illness of several months from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Powers and was born and reared in Bellefonte. She was the widow of the late James F. Rogers, of New York city, and was a kindly sympathetic woman who was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends. She leaves the following sisters : Mrs. C. B. Massey and Mrs. W. R. Taylor, both of Philadelphia ; Misses Anna and Eva, at home. Mrs. Rogers was a consistent member of St. John's Catholic church. Funeral services will be held in St. John's Catholic church Friday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Father Downes. Burial will be made by the side of her parents in the Catholic cemetery.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Friday President Wilson was 61 years of ago.

John Hines, of Ohio, was a Bellefonte visitor trom Sunday until Monday when he returned home.

John Anderson, who is employed at Niagara Falls, spent Christmas with his family on Spring Street.

Miss Aileen Hull, of Niagara Falls, spent Christmas in Bellefonte with her aunt, Miss Mary Hull.

Miss Roxie Crosthwaite, of Altoona, spent Christmas in Bellefonte as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gettig, on Bishop Street.

Mrs. Walter Fulton and son, of Pittsburgh, is visiting in Bellefonte at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Daley, on Lamb Street.

George McMahon, of New York, spent his Christmas vacation in Bellefonte as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Peter McMahon, one of our oldest residents.

Mr. and Mrs. Blain Mabus, of Bellefonte, are entertaining Mr. Mabus' brother, Ellsworth Mabus, wife and child, of Milton.

"Jack" Montgomery, a student at Culver Military Academy, at Culver, Indiana, was home to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Montgomery.

Miss Frances E. Willard, of Connellsville, and Paul Willard, of Wilkinsburg, spent Christmas in Bellefonte as guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Willard.

New Year's greetings to Henry Lowery and family, formerly of Bellefonte but now located at McKeesport, in appreciation of Christmas greetings received at The Republican office from them.

Recently John Lambert, of Bellefonte purchased a thoroughbred Jersey cow from George Valentine. John evidently is going into the milk business as he now has two of the finest cows that comes down the lane.

Among those who have joined Uncle Sam's army and spent a short furlough in Bellefonte during the forepart of the holiday season were : Wilson Walker, Hassell Montgomery, Walter McCullough, Orvis Keller, Luther Crissman, Vincent Taylor, Joseph Ceader and Claire Lyon.

Friday afternoon Fred Crafts, an assistant manager of the American Lime & Stone Co., returned to Bellefonte from Buffalo, N. Y., where he attended a Christmas family reunion. It is hardly necessary to say that it was one of the chief events of his life.

Monday one of the sections of the steam boiler that supplies the residence of Hon. P. Gray Meek with heat cracked. The result was the fire was drawn and Tommy Caldwell and Geo. R. Meek were compelled to work all night trying to get the boiler in shape until the new parts arrived.

Ollie Campbell, who at one time was employed by the local branch of the Bell Telephone Co., was in Bellefonte Wednesday of last week on his way to Pleasant Gap to spend a short time with his father-in-law, Potter Tate. His family resides in Barnesboro, while he is traveling for a large hardware company.

Charles P. Hewes, Esq., of Erie, was an arrival in Bellefonte Friday morning and became a guest of his sister, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson. He was here on legal business for the order. To the older attorneys and inhabitants of Bellefonte Mr. Hewes will be remembered as one of our most prominent and influential citizens.

Last Thursday Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, returned from Hazelton, where she spent Christmas very pleasantly with her children, Mrs. Hugh Doyle and George Tanner, and their families. To add to the happiness of the occasion Mrs. Tanner was presented to her first grandson who recently came to brighten up the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Tanner.

Miss Anna Shuey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chuey, has resigned her position as teacher in the schools of New York, and has accepted a position as an instructor in the Bellefonte High school as teacher of Physics. She has taken up the work of Prof. Eugene Weik who has gone to the army. Miss Shuey has been very successful in Pedagogy and thus her addition to the local High school will add to its efficiency.

Rufus T. Strohm, son of the late County Commissioner James B. Strohm, who at one time resided in Bellefonte, has resigned his position with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, and left Tuesday for New York, where he has accepted a position on the staff of the Power, a weekly technical journal devoted to steam and mechanical engineering, published by the McGraw-Hill Co.

F. W. Cooper, of Bradford, one of the most progressive young students of the Bellefonte Academy, went home on his Christmas vacation expecting to return, but on the advice of his physician he is going to Arizona for the benefit of his health he being more or less afflicted with lung trouble. Last Thursday J. R. Hughes, Head Master of the Academy, sent his trunk to him. He was a pleasant, affable young man and his departure from the school for the purpose intended is sincerely regretted.

Happy New Year

to each and every person

You will find us ready each day during 1918 with a better store than ever.

SOLD ONLY AT

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores

Miss Alice Barnhart, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Barnhart, who was the clerk at the soda fountain in Zeller's drug store, left recently for Southern Pines, S. C. where she will spend the balance of the winter with friends.

Park Weaver, junior member of the enterprising grocery firm of Weaver Brothers, left Bellefonte Tuesday for his old home in Lancaster county to spend a few days with his parents before reporting at Camp Dix, Wrightown, N. J.

William T. Fetzer, of Yarnell, known familiarly to a host of friends as "Bill," was in town on business a few days ago. "Bill" hauls the mail between Milesburg and Yarnell, and knowing as we do something of the roads out that way in mid-winter we are able to appreciate that he earns considerably more than Uncle Sam slips into his monthly pay envelope.

Frank Harshberger, of Hublersburg, transacted business and greeted friends in town last Saturday. Recently while alighting from an Emerick bus, at Hublersburg, the car was started before he had gained a firm footing and a painful gash was inflicted on his hand. The injury caused him no end of inconvenience, but he will soon be in shape to deliver a John L. Sullivan punch.

Isaac Miller, formerly of Bellefonte but for some years a successful insurance man in Philadelphia, was a Christmas visitor in Bellefonte. He favored The Republican office with a call, as he usually does when he comes back to see the home folks, but this time the editor happened to be out skirmishing for a Christmas tree. For Isaac's special benefit we note the fact that it is just fourteen weeks until the opening of the trout season.

Manna Kline, one of Centre County's most progressive and hustling farmers, was a genial caller at The Republican office on Monday. We were just on the point of telephoning him in regard to a farm deal when he came walking into our office. The piece of news we wanted to inquire about was one of those cases of "important if true." Manna supplied the disappointing information that it didn't happen to be true ; otherwise the story would appear this week on the first page of The Republican.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.

Notice is hereby given to all owners of dogs in Centre County that under recent Legislation all dog tax must be paid to the County Treasurer on or before Jan. 15, 1918.

The fee for males and spayed females is $1.00, and for female dogs $2.00. This includes all dogs 6 months and over.

If application is made in writing 3 cents postage must be included with the remittance. Application may be made through the local Justice of the Peace, who is authorized to collect a fee of 15 cents for each license in addition to the regular license fee.

It shall be the duty of every police officer and constable to kill any dog which does not bear a proper license tag, which is found running at large after Jan. 15, 1918.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Bellefonte, Penna., Jan. 1st, 1918.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

In Re-Divorce :—

Clara Pearl Powers Wallace vs. Winfield Brinton Wallace.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County No. 41, May Term, 1917.

To Winfield Brinton Wallace. Whereas your wife, Clara Pearl Powers Wallace, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas, Centre County, Penna., No. 41 May Term 1917, praying for a divorce against you. Now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on the fourth Monday of February, 1918, to answer the complaint of the wife, Clara Pearl Powers Wallace, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Pearl Powers Wallace should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
December 24th, 1917

GEO. H. YARNELL,
Sheriff of Centre County.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there has been appraised and set apart to Catherine Kunes, widow of Nathan M. Kunes, late of Liberty Twp., dec'd, real and personal property, under the Provisions of Section 2 of the Act of Assembly of June 2, 1917, P. L. 447, as follows, to wit :

Personal Property	-	$331.72
Real Estate	-	75.00

Description of Real Estate.

All that certain lot of ground situate and being in the Village of Eagleville, township of Liberty, Centre Co., Penna., Beginning at a post on the northeast corner of the Wm. Singer estate, thence along said lot South 27 degrees East 9.7 perches to post along Bald Eagle St., thence along said street, North 82 3-4 degrees East 6 8 perches to a locust post, thence along lands of Matilda Gardner East 27 degrees West 12 9 perches to a post by alley, thence along alley south 53 1 2 degrees West 6.4 perches to the place of b ginning. Containing seventy and sevent,-two one hundredths perches more or less. The above appraisement has been confirmed Nisi, by the Court and publication ordered, and if no exceptions be filed thereto within thirty days the same will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN, C. O. C.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that recently there came upon the premises of the undersigned, one mile from Clarence, Centre County, Pa., a cow, aged probably eighteen months, red in color about body, with white legs. Owner is hereby notified to call and pay costs incurred by the undersigned or the said cow will be disposed of at public sale.

VALENT SVANCAR,
Clarence, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR RENT—The house on East High Steeet, Bellefonte, formerly occupied by Mrs. Walsh. Inquire of Thomas Chapman.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

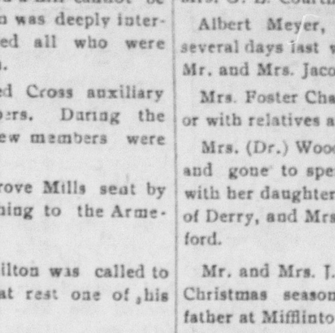
SALESMEN—Also managers for selling branches in each county for large calendar manufacturers. Start December 15. Will pay good money to capable men. Consolidated Calendar and Novelty Co. Erie, Pa.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable man, resident of Bellefonte, to manage local selling branch, also one salesman for Bellefonte and one living in each adjoining county. Address Consolidated Calendar & Novelty Co., Erie, Pa.

LIFE INSURANCE—Men attention: A progressive well established life insurance company has open a general agency connection for the Bellefonte District. Liberal commission and office allowance. Those interested in making a permanent association can receive full particulars by addressing General Manager, Suite 826 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it ? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.



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